

The Listener

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'The Nativity', by Bernardino Luini, in the Louvre

Christmas 1951



Drawn by A. R. THOMSON, R.A.

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Meditation for Christmas Eve*

By Canon LEONARD HODGSON

OUT of all the truths embodied in the Christmas story, let us take two thoughts. First, from a carol:

Sacred Infant, all divine,
What a tender love was thine,
Thou to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this.

And then, from the *Te Deum*:

When Thou tookest upon thee to deliver man
Thou didst not abhor the virgin's womb.

In these words is expressed the truth written in verses two to four of the fourth chapter of the first Epistle of St. John:

Hereby know ye the Spirit of God: Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God: And every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God! and this is that spirit of antichrist, whereof ye have heard that it should come; and even now already it is in the world. Ye are of God, little children, and have overcome them: because greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world.

It is over 1,900 years since Christ was born at Bethlehem, over 1,800 since St. John wrote his Epistle. Yet still, in the very different circumstances of this Christmas, his words are full of life and meaning. He says three things:

- (1) There is a spirit abroad which denies that Jesus Christ has come in the flesh.
- (2) This is the spirit of antichrist.
- (3) The power that is in you through Christ is greater than the power of this spirit of antichrist.

When St. John spoke of the spirit of antichrist, he was not thinking of men who denied that Jesus of Nazareth was and is God: he was

thinking of those who denied that He who is God had come in the flesh, had been really man. The spirit of antichrist is the spirit which denies that God has actually lived that human life of His in the actual history of this actual world, has actually

come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this.

'Such a world as this'. Because of all the evil in the world religious people have always been beset by the temptation to think of the whole aim and purpose of religion as the rescue of people out of this world for another. But where this is found among Christians it is an infection of their Christianity by a pagan type of religion. This was a danger to the Church in the days when St. John was writing. Then it came from what is known as gnosticism. In one form or other it recurs from age to age. In effect, when you think it out, it implies that God is not interested in the things of this world, in art, in literature, in science and learning, in housing, in town and country planning, in politics, in international relations. These things are outside the sphere of God's interest and activity. They are part of the evil world out of which He is seeking to rescue us for bliss in heaven above.

There is always a danger of this type of religion recurring in times of disillusionment and anxiety, when (as the psalmist puts it) all the world seems full of darkness and cruel habitations. It is not surprising that in recent years, and still today, it has been and is very much alive, not only on the continent of Europe, but here and in America. Some of us are old enough to remember the hopes with which in 1919 and 1920 we set about building a new world after the war to end war. Now, six and a half years after the cease-fire sounded again in August 1945, we see chaos, confusion; hunger, and misery still darkening the lives of many displaced persons and others in Europe; we see actual warfare and fighting in Indo-China and Malaya; we see elsewhere the

cold war with its consequence, rearmament, absorbing wealth and energy which otherwise might be used for improving the conditions of human life; we see the ordinary decent people in all lands, who loathe war and only ask to live decent human lives—we see these people caught up in the web woven by dictators, financiers, politicians, and the tangle of impersonal economic forces. What wonder that in the countries which have suffered most some call themselves atheists and deny that God rules at all? What wonder that others, who call themselves Christians, deny that this world's history is the sphere of God's concern except in so far as it provides the evil cauldron out of which His elect are to be plucked like brands from the burning?

Defeatism is the Spirit of Antichrist

And here, in this country, here too we are in danger of a spirit of defeatism that tempts us to abandon the vision splendid of a world in which nations, and races, and classes shall have beaten their swords into ploughshares and live together in brotherly love. We have our doubts about the possibility of a truly Christian civilisation, of the triumph of Christian morality in the relations between the sexes or the conduct of business, doubts about the possibility of the establishment of brotherhood and the end of strife between class and class. Sometimes in the religious world we hear voices which bid us seek for complete separation of church and state, wash our hands of all concern for social relations and public morality, admit that in this world avarice and adultery always have prevailed and always will, confine our efforts to rescuing individuals out of it and preparing them for the life beyond.

If St. John were alive today, he would be saying: 'This spirit of defeatism is the spirit of antichrist. It denies that Jesus Christ has come *in the flesh*: denies, that is to say, that this very world which looks so hopeless is the world which God has redeemed from the powers of evil. He was born at Bethlehem of flesh and blood compacted of the same stuff as our bodies. In that flesh and blood He played His part in the actual history of this world and no other. On the cross, in and through that body born at Bethlehem, He defeated the powers of evil that held this world in thrall. Risen and ascended He left those powers broken and the world redeemed. Returning in the Spirit to carry on His work through His continuing body, the Christian Church, He is spreading and consolidating the victory, chasing the scattered remnants of the vanquished powers of evil out of whatever tracts of human life they may still claim to control.'

That is the Christian faith, the Christmas faith.

No longer sorrow.
O earth, a brighter morrow
Dawned with that infant's birth.

It may be hard to believe it in the face of the world today. But is it any harder than it was when St. John wrote his Epistle? Or, a little earlier, before the first Christmas, when (to quote the first line of another Christmas hymn) 'God from on high hath heard' And what did God do?

When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man,
Thou didst not abhor the virgin's womb.

'God so loved the world', and, when He saw that the world was such a world as this, His love moved Him to come right down into it, and from within its history to work for its rescue. The sighs and sorrows that God heard from on high were the sighs and sorrows of resistance movements in a world occupied by usurping powers of evil. The men and women of the resistance were themselves weak and helpless because of the grip that these powers of evil had got on their lives. He came to be their leader and their captain. But before they could respond and be of any use to Him they had to be rescued and cleansed from the evil in themselves, from pride, and selfishness, and lust, and cowardice. His first work had to be their cleansing, that work of atonement through which God's full and free forgiveness is offered to those who repent and turn to Him. But what were they cleansed and forgiven for? To be those through whom, crucified, risen and ascended, He should carry on His work of rescue down the ages, those to whom He should say 'As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you'.

Much of this belongs to other stories, the stories of Good Friday and Whitsunday rather than Christmas. We return to our Christmas story, to the verse which in the American Prayer Book is translated 'When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou didst humble thyself to be born of a virgin'. Christmas commemorates the fact that when God took upon Himself to rescue His creation from evil, He

did it by being born as man, by coming Himself to share in all our troubles, working our cure from within by taking whatever earthly life might bring of suffering, and meeting it with love unconquerable and unconquered. This means that here on earth the truly divine life, the life which was the life of God, the life which in other men is godlike, is the life which gives itself to the cure of ills by sharing in the troubles of suffering humanity. 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill to men'. Here on earth the glory of God is to be made manifest in the acceptance of birth in a manger, of the way to the cross. So it was then. So it is still. 'Where there is evil in the world, no matter who is to blame, there is the potential source of further corruption of God's creation. Human history shows only too clearly that ignorance, sickness, and poverty provide breeding-grounds for envy, hatred, and malice, for strife between classes, between races, between nations. What is needed is a body of men and women bound together in a fellowship whose *raison d'être* and vocation is to step in and say "Never mind whose fault it is, let it be our privilege, at whatever it may cost us in money, time, energy, health, and life, to take these potential sources of corruption and transform them into material for increasing the world's output of good".'

We may adapt for Christmas the words of Walter Hilton: 'I am nought, I have nought, I desire nought but to be with Jesus at Bethlehem'. To be with Jesus at Bethlehem is to be giving your life to Him, for Him; in and through you, to be carrying on the work He came on earth to do. Wherever we may be—at home, at work, on holiday—He uses our eyes to see what there is in the world around us that needs to be endured or changed in order to reflect more fully the glory of our Father in Heaven. To be with Jesus is to be willing to accept whatever it may cost for Him to manifest His glory in our lives on earth. In doing this we discover within ourselves the secret that dispels the devil of defeatism, we learn what it is to be taught by the Spirit of God that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh.

Your soul is like a miniature world in which you can learn to understand what is true of the world outside. In the little world of your soul you know the constant struggle between the Lord Jesus Christ and all there is in you that resents His presence and rebels against Him. It may be five, ten, twenty, forty, or fifty years ago that you gave yourself to Him for Him to dwell within your soul and take command. It is only as those five, ten, twenty, forty, or fifty years go by that you realise how much there is in you that resented His coming, how much there is of the old Adam, how unconscionably long he is a-dying, how still your pride, your selfishness, your cowardice, your love of pleasure, ease, and comfort hinder you from that service of God which is perfect freedom. Yet this very experience of Christ in your soul, which has taught you how long and bitter is the campaign for self-conquest, has taught you also how all-powerful He is, how certain is the victory. You know by your own experience how, when you do really trust Him, He can and does enable you to keep your temper, to overcome your cowardice, to rise above your selfishness. You know the failure and the black despair that follow on your attempts to do His work for yourself and by yourself without constant dependence on Him. You know what it is to come creeping back to Him in penitence, to cast down your miserable failures before Him, to look up into His face and hear His words, 'My strength is sufficient for thee', and to know in your inmost being that they are true.

Christ's Victory is Assured

You know all this. And with this knowledge in your heart you look out from the little world of your soul into the world around, and you know that what is true of your inner world is true of that world too. When Christ was born at Bethlehem 2,000 years ago the powers of evil had penetrated more deeply, and got a firmer grip upon the world, than we had realised—just as when Christ entered your souls those five, ten, twenty, forty, or fifty years ago He entered upon a campaign for complete sovereignty which was going to be longer and sterner than you ever thought at the time. But just as you now know that in the world of your soul, if only you are faithful to Him, victory is assured, so also you know that in the world around, if only His people are faithful to Him, His victory is assured, and the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, conquering and to conquer, is of God. The spirit of defeatism in that warfare is the spirit of antichrist. Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world.

The Emancipation of French Youth

By HENRI APPIA

LESS than a year ago, two boys and a girl whose average age was about nineteen were tried for the murder of one of their friends. The background of the crime was a mixture of black market, love, and detective-novels reading. The trial was treated by many newspapers as one of the great social events of the season. Moralising gives a wonderful justification to those who enjoy writing or reading the crime columns, and moralising usually involves generalising from the particular; and the incredible publicity given to

save time and avoid explanations express themselves through their clothes and their behaviour. What an easy way of feeling young again for so many people of the older generation! Just look at the St. Germain-des-Prés crowd, and if you are bold enough, dress like them. Yet I am always amused when one of the boys at the Lycée adopts the so-called existentialist *genre*. All the others look at him as if he were taking part in some enormous joke, as if he were courageously playing a part in a farcical play that some of the young have put up for themselves and their elders.

Although I refuse to fall into the trap leading to St. Germain-des-Prés cellars I must confess I often feel puzzled in front of my older Lycée pupils or students. Of course, they are individualistic, as we were before 1940. They, too, kick footballs about in the most disorderly way, break windows regularly and are too modest to mention it if no one has seen them. They, too, play a sort of tennis with their bare hands, against the walls, the rules of the game being either very subtle, or non-existent. Of course, I see them discussing their personal problems or literary subjects, slowly pacing the dusty or muddy yards, and it is true that the last year of secondary studies—that blessed year of philosophy—is for many of them the same revelation as it was for us when we were eighteen, the discovery of a new world of human thought.

But it seems to me that they are more easily discouraged, less enthusiastic, more hesitant. Here, I fully agree with Philippe Soupault's penetrating analysis of youth today.* Their judgments are less absolute, and they are most of them indifferent to political problems. The other



Students at the Sorbonne: above, in the court of the University; right, in the crowded reading-room

that miserable story shows how easily some people manage to dispel bad memories, qualms of conscience of their own youth, by saying 'The young of today are much worse than we were in our time'.

This also applies to some extent to many novels, in which the young are treated as strange beasts. Yet, in the case of novels, it is more understandable, for it is not with good intentions that you write good literature, and it is easier to write about a young man who runs away from home than about the deserving young man—that *bon jeune homme* whose thin, pale face appeared from time to time in the nineteenth-century novels. I am sure that if, in about a hundred years from now, a scholar tried to draw the picture of the French youth of 1951 he would hardly find the elements of a true portrait by consulting the press and modern novels in our Bibliothèque Nationale. Mind you, some young people play the game—I mean those you see on the Boulevard St. Germain, for instance, whose faces express a carefully studied philosophical despair. Most of them have read neither Kierkegaard nor Heidegger nor Sartre, but as many tourists consider them as typical examples of French youth, they feel morally bound to live up to the myth they serve. They show a great care for their appearance. All the cartoonists had fun with their long, unkempt hair, blue jeans, black sweaters. There are probably only a few hundreds of them, and they are so busy showing themselves at their social functions, dancing in cellars, and looking blankly into space, that their whole time is spent in singing. Yet they are conscious of setting a fashion, and to a certain degree they actually do set it. Their myth, though grossly commercialised as a sort of tourist trap, has succeeded. The best evidence is that hardly anything is written or said nowadays about the young in Paris without some reference being made to them, and, indeed, here I am speaking of them.

I believe their function is important. To the elder generations who lose contact with modern youth they provide a ready-made basis of judgment. How wonderful! That great query, 'What are the young of today like?' is readily answered by the young themselves, who to



day I had a confirmation of that impression of lassitude. A boy whom I knew to be a promising student, and who had failed in the oral of the second Baccalaureat, was about to abandon his studies, for money reasons, without even enquiring whether he could obtain a grant or a scholarship. At the last minute, he was persuaded to go on and was given financial help. Yet he had been ready to give up everything without a fight. Fifteen years ago, Boulevard St. Michel, that sacred road of the Latin Quarter, was often a battlefield. The Royalist 'Camelots' and the students of the left fought gallantly, before eventually being dragged to the police station for having troubled the peace. There was something epic about the Boulevard, a faint reminiscence of the grand battles of Péguy and his friends at the time of the Dreyfus affair, when they felt they were defending justice and civilisation.

Nowadays, the only political agitation which is visible in the Latin Quarter is centred round the picturesque figure of Ferdinand Lop, whose crazy political programme is a pretext for fine oratorical tournaments—one of the chief points of his programme being the transfer of the catacombs into the suburbs. Lop is the Prime Minister. He has his bodyguard, his special salute, and a well-organised Cabinet, who meet in various cafés under the jeers of their opponents who are called the 'antelopes'. But the Lopist agitation has been a joke for about twenty years. The point is today that if it is more obvious, it is because there is little else.

André Chamson is known both as a novelist and as the curator of Versailles Museum. He has just written a book about the young people of today entitled *La Neige et la Fleur*. In this novel he presents himself under his real identity, that of a man of fifty, whose presence is required by a group of boys and girls, thirty years younger than he is. Throughout the story he listens more than he talks, and for two years slowly discovers the problems of the younger generation. Gradually, the mystery disappears. The cynical speech of the young no longer troubles him. He gets to understand their feelings and the ambitions that the young hide with great modesty—a modesty quite absent from their conversations about sex. These feelings, these preoccupations, according to Chamson, are a great concern for the future, an unconfessed desire to build up their lives, but also a great feeling of solitude. They feel that the older generation do not deserve their trust. Though Chamson's field of observation is limited to a few young people (mainly students and living in Paris), his approach to the problem is honest, and his conclusions, to my mind, are right. His novel will probably remain one of the best documents on the subject.

It is true that among students and older Lycée pupils there is a real anxiety about the future. First, because there are more examinations in

the course of secondary studies than before the war, and every Lycée has to refuse admittance to a large number of boys and girls, either because they have failed in their entrance examination or simply because there is no room. Last week, the Chairman of the Paris Municipal Council announced that no less than 1,500 new classes should be built next year in primary schools in the Paris area, and there seems to be little chance that it will be done in time.

The same impression of struggle for life is evident in most universities, which are overcrowded. In the Sorbonne, for instance, in many of the lecture rooms you will see students taking notes, standing or sitting on the floor. Besides, nowadays, very few parents can entirely support their children throughout their university studies. In 1945 young students emerging from the war, half starving in university towns, realised that they had to fight for their lives alone. The French National Union of Students was reorganised as a representative body, defending the interests of the students. A large number of canteens were opened and the Social Security Scheme was extended to all the students. They actually take part in the management of restaurants, sanatoriums, rest-houses, and mutual-aid societies. They are now fighting for the *pre-salaire*, a salary a student would receive on condition that he should repay it, once he has begun to earn his living.

If, up to a certain point, the young have lost confidence in the older generation, they have drawn the logical conclusions. They try to take their fate into their own hands, and the results are not so bad. Here, my point of view is different from that of Philippe Soupault, and I think that what is now called *le syndicalisme étudiant* is a real strength in France. We find this tendency to rely on groups to defend their interests among all the young. Thousands of young employees or workmen, as well as students, count upon travelling-agencies, such as *Tourisme et Travail*, or *l'Office du Tourisme Universitaire*, to organise their holidays. Indeed, in all classes the young people's lives are less directed by their parents than they were forty years ago.

Is this emancipation of youth such a new thing? When Raymond Radiguet's novel *Le Diable au Corps* was put on the screen it was considered by many critics as a fine picture of modern youth; yet Radiguet's hero was a young man of 1918. It seems that French parents had begun releasing their hold on their children quite a long time ago, and every war, every economic crisis, accelerates the process. The French middle-class family today is a far less formidable social unit than it was at the time of our great nineteenth-century novelist, or—closer to us—when Gide uttered his famous *Familles, Je Vous Hais*. Its authority is more intelligently discussed by the young, and the conflicts it creates nowadays are certainly less tragic in their consequences than they were fifty years ago.—*Third Programme*

Arms Race or Inspection?

By the Rt. Hon. PHILIP NOEL-BAKER, M.P.

AFTER ten days' talk in Paris*, Russia has agreed to the Western Powers' proposal that the United Nations shall set up a new Commission on Atomic Energy and other Armaments. The western governments have suggested that the Commission shall meet within a month; that it shall make a draft convention, in treaty form, for the reduction, limitation and control of all national armaments of every kind; that armaments shall be reduced to levels adequate for defence, but not—mark the words—not adequate for aggression; that when the draft is ready, a world conference of all nations shall be called.

We are striving now to build up our military strength against aggression. Why have we suddenly put disarmament in the very centre of the stage? We have done it because we know that competitive armaments cannot give us stable peace; because modern arms impose a frightful burden on the peoples of the world; because that burden grows heavier every year. Until 1860, the strength which governments maintained in peace-time was little more than they needed to keep order in countries which they ruled. After 1860, armies and navies continuously increased. In 1914, 18,000,000 men were mobilised in Europe when war began; there were 39,000,000 soldiers including the reserves.

I heard the Budget speech in 1912 in which the Chancellor of the

Exchequer said that, for the first time, the total expenditure of the British Government would reach £200,000,000 in a year. In 1951, our expenditure on arms alone is £1,200,000,000. An economist calculated that in 1912 defence cost the British people about four per cent. of the national income; next year we shall spend fourteen per cent.; the year after, the United States will spend twenty per cent. These figures show what a fearful burden ninety years of competitive military preparation have imposed on nations whose only policy is peace.

In this new Commission, we are to try to go back along the road we have all been travelling for so long. There is no tougher problem than that which the Commission must seek to solve. Armament reduction is full of complexities of every kind. But, as Mr. Pearson, the Canadian Secretary of State, declared the other day, one issue now dominates the rest—inspection and control. In his phrase, that is the crux; effective guarantees that nations will carry out the pledges which they have made. Of course, that is obvious, once it is stated; if a government cuts down its forces, it must be certain that other governments will do the same. Otherwise, disarmament might be a trap for the righteous; it might help aggressors; it would soon become a sham. It is obvious; but it means a revolution, all the same.

For decades, both in peace and war, governments have employed a

* Broadcast on December 11

host of agents, they have spent great sums of money, to find out the military secrets of other nations and to protect their own. Intelligence, counter-espionage, have become the fourth armed service, vital to the rest. Perhaps you remember Mata Hari, the lovely eastern dancer, who was a secret agent for both France and Germany in the first world war. Greta Garbo immortalised the story of how, in the end, she was found out and shot at dawn. Her adventures showed that truth is stranger even than Phillips Oppenheim fiction, when it comes to spies. But now, in order that governments may be certain that a Disarmament Convention will be observed, Britain, France, and the United States have proposed that the epoch of military secrets shall be ended; that what each government is doing shall be checked by an international inspection, so rigid, so thorough, that nothing can be concealed. Only decades of international debate have brought the governments to urge this revolutionary change.

The first proposal, made in 1920 in the Covenant of the League, was that the governments should exchange full and frank information about their armaments. That looked fine on paper; but when those who wrote the Covenant disarmed the Germans, they soon found that information by itself was not enough. They required control to be sure that the Germans carried out their pledges; they sent 400 Allied officers to Germany, with a Frenchman, General Nollet, at their head. At his first meeting with them in Berlin, Nollet told the German generals what must be the basic principle of supervision and control. The leading German had spoken disingenuously of the need for mutual confidence and trust. Nollet stopped him; nothing personal, he said, was, of course, intended; but control inevitably implied a measure of *méfiance*—mistrust. And the Allied Mission soon learnt two other lessons: first, that inspection on the spot, in barracks, factories, and depots, was essential to ensure that German pledges were fulfilled; second, that, while the German people still believed that their disarmament would be, as the Versailles Treaty promised, the first step to disarmament all round, many of them were ready to help the Allied Mission in the job. The German liaison officers tried to get a Berlin postman to let them see the Allied Mission's letters before they were passed on: but the postman not only refused to do so, he delivered the German generals' letters to the Allied Mission instead!

Basis of Today's Discussions

It took the Allies a long time to see that what was right for Germans must apply all round. Twelve years later, at the Disarmament Conference in Geneva, it was proposed that a permanent commission should be set up to check the exchange of information which the Covenant had ordained. But when the delegates debated this proposal, they came to see that a commission sitting in Geneva would not be enough. Russia was the first to suggest a concrete plan—a commission, not of government nominees and soldiers, but of representatives elected by parliaments, trade unions, and other bodies, and with the power to send an international team to investigate in any country where it was thought that a violation of the treaty had occurred. A few months later, France, then the leading military power, went even further: their General Staff thought that there should be inspection, not only when violations were suspected, but as a matter of regular routine. Another leading delegation, it is true, saw grave objections. They thought there would be difficulties and dangers in itinerant commissions; much of their work would be superfluous; it would cause friction; it would cost a lot. Those objections read strangely in the light of history; and even in 1932 they were shared by very few. The Soviet delegation pressed consistently for 'very rigorous supervision'; the United States supported France; and by the end of 1933 the vast majority of governments, great and small, had agreed to annual inspection of their forces by international commissions with the widest powers. Of course, it all remained on paper; no disarmament convention was ever made; we had the second war instead.

But those far-off discussions have not been wasted; they formed the thinking of today. Mr. Acheson now proposes that inspection must be a continuing process done by a permanent international staff, that the inspection staff must have all the power and authority they need to find out all the facts. 'We can't', he says, 'rely on promises'—the basic principle laid down by Nollet in Berlin so long ago. And Mr. Acheson has set out in detail what those powers should be. Every form of military and para-military unit, both active and reserve; every barracks, training centre, air-force station, naval base; all armaments, aircraft, ships, and radio equipment; all factories, shipyards, munition

plants, research laboratories and testing grounds; all military records and defence accounts—all must be open to search, inspection, and enquiry by the experts of the United Nations teams.

Can you see it happening? Britons and Americans inspecting Russia, Russians coming here? Can we win the peoples to the spirit of that Berlin postman thirty years ago? Or is it all just another paper scheme? I am very certain that Mr. Acheson and his western colleagues really mean it, as I think the French and Russians meant it twenty years ago. But will the dictators of the Kremlin accept it now?

'A Lot to Hope For'

It is a lot to hope for. It means that they must lift the Iron Curtain, and, on this armament inspection, give up the veto, too. Nor is that all. The atom bomb is now the vital weapon, on which everything depends. But atom bombs are different from other weapons. Inspection of the plants is not enough. An international team could pay a visit, see everything, ask every question, and come away no wiser than they went in. Only international managerial control of every process, from the mining of the raw material from the earth to the production and disposal of the nuclear fuel, can give real guarantees that atomic bombs would not be made. And the International Authority would have to carry out, or, at least, to share in, surveys to find the raw material; it would even have to make routine aerial surveys in United Nations aircraft, of areas where the raw material is known to exist. Will Russia agree to such a system? Will they let foreigners search for secret factories beneath the forests of Siberia, if such factories exist? No one can tell. But we can say that Russia would gain as much as we would, if she came in.

On the day the first world war started, Lord Grey, the Foreign Secretary, stood beside a window in the Foreign Office, talking to a friend. Outside the lamps were being lit; watching them shine out in the twilight one by one, Lord Grey said: 'The lamps are going out all over Europe; we shall not see them lit again in our lifetime'. Long years later, he wrote a book to explain why his efforts to prevent the war had failed. He described his dealings with the Kaiser's ministers, and how disloyal and perverse they were; and then he added: 'Although all this be true, it is not in my opinion the real and final account of the origin of the great war. The enormous growth of armaments in Europe, the sense of insecurity and fear caused by them—it was these that made war inevitable'. And he concluded: 'We must disarm or perish'.

Today, the western nations, while they build up their strength to prevent aggression, still say 'We must disarm or perish'. We know Lord Grey was right; that since 1914 the lamps have not yet been lit again in Europe; that the danger grows graver every year; that somehow, some time, and, if it may be, soon, we must end the system that brought the holocausts of 1914 and 1939. And inspection, everybody knows it, is now the crux. After these ten days' talks, the Russians clearly understand what it involves. And, understanding, they have agreed that this new effort shall be made. We may have many tribulations still before us; but I cannot resist the feeling that world opinion, the voices of many nations in the Assembly, have won a victory; that we may be one real step nearer to the goal for which so many men have died.—*Home Service*

Reprisals

A night black as Herod, when heaven's partitions opened
Releasing a bright volley of angels aimed at earth and him;
Darkness, past the depth of its cone, still deepened
When the shepherds woke in the queer light, hearing the hymn.

The bewildered kings arrived, and the gifts were given
While the beam riveted the stable and the long angels leaned
To kiss God and man before going back to heaven
Moving with inaudible wings on the breathless wind.

After the fire-haired angels' departure heaven shut
On earth's cold stupor, prelude dawn or earthquake.
Darkness, planning reprisal against assault of light,
Shook the palace with the threat of Herod's headache.

DAVID PAUL

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Broadcasts on religion and the communist universe

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent

Christmas 1951

THE lift of the heart that Christmas brings is not normally confined to children. Yet even the most light-hearted of adults can scarcely shut his eyes to the sombre background darkening the scene this Christmas. In contemplating the world's miseries, the suspicions and hatreds that bedevil its affairs, the difficulties that beset our own country in particular, it is easy to fall into a mood of cynicism or despair. But in the view of most thinking people—whether they are Christians or not—the annual celebration of the birth of Christ not only relates to an event of profound significance to the human race but gives fresh life to the meaning of that event as well as new hope to the world.

Christianity, to be sure, is not the only way of life. But it is a way of life that commends itself to millions of people—however far we may all of us fall short in giving it practical expression, and however much we may differ over questions of doctrine and interpretation. To the orthodox Christian the celebration of Christmas as a recognition merely of a way of life will seem an inadequate and indeed a faulty definition; for him Christmas celebrates an event, and if that event be not accepted in its full theological sense then the celebration may appear to him devoid of meaning, at all events of its true meaning; broad humanitarianism, or in less polite language 'wishy-washy Christianity', is not enough. That is certainly one view. By the same token it would be an affectation to maintain that all those who celebrate Christmas in the normal way not only grasp the full meaning of what they are celebrating but also in fact subscribe to the Christian creed. Whether they are, as the saying goes, living on spiritual capital inherited from their forefathers is another question. That they live no less Christian lives than the orthodox Christians needs not be doubted. 'Ye shall know them by their fruits'. Yet if the great majority of us do in fact try to live according to Christ's teaching, or even if without giving overmuch thought to the subject we take it for granted that that teaching should be our guiding rule of conduct, need the tribute we thus pay necessarily be reckoned in terms of a total inability to see the light?

Freedom of worship, including freedom not to worship, is a characteristic feature—and a most precious one—of the way we think life should be lived, and in a Christian community tolerance finds a place. One recalls the passage in Epictetus (whose philosophy has after all not a little in common with modern puritanism) where he speaks of the children coming up and clapping their hands and saying 'Today is the good Saturnalia'. 'We too clap our hands to them', he adds. 'Do you therefore when you are unable to make a man change his opinion realise that he is a child and clap your hands to him. But if you do not want to do this you have merely to hold your peace'. It is a reasonable example of the kind of tolerance we all of us like to think of ourselves as practising. Yet the 'Laodicean cant' of tolerance also has its dangers. Where then shall we turn? The principles which Jesus taught have been acclaimed as the most sublime and benevolent code of morals which has ever been offered to man. Not for the first time in the world's history that code is meeting a challenge. Through twenty centuries the Christian faith has been the inspiration, comfort—and cross—of countless human beings. If then Christmas means anything, is it not a time when we should all of us do well to search our hearts and minds so as to reaffirm or perhaps interpret afresh for ourselves the meaning and implications of our faith—the faith by which we, as a Christian country, claim to be living?

THERE WERE TWO INSTRUCTIVE BROADCASTS last week from the communist world. One, from Moscow radio, propounded a new meteoric theory of the origin of the universe. The other, from China, outlined the position of Christianity in the new China. The new theory of the origin of the universe, said the Moscow transmission, quoting an article by Professor Kukarkin in *Pravda*, was the outstanding event at this year's conference on cosmogony. After noting that the new theory accorded with the materialist view of the universe, the article proceeded to attack the 'hitherto widely accepted view of the idealist British scientist, Jeans', on the origin of the planets. It continued:

It was precisely the unique manner in which the universe came into being according to Jeans which ensured the popularity of his theory in the capitalist world, for his pseudo-scientific explanation of the origin of the earth approximated to the myth of the Creation. Soviet science has now completely exploded both Jeans' theory and the idealist and reactionary theories of the British scientists Milne and Holden, who conceived the childish idea that a vast 'primordial atom' of solar energy had produced the matter constituting the entire solar system.

The Professor then propounded the new Soviet theory:

Otto Schmidt envisages the planets as having been formed through the condensation of matter previously in the form of dust or meteorites. . . . The formation of planets is thus, in Schmidt's view, the result of the union of particles which previously rotated round the sun. Schmidt has succeeded in determining with exactitude the law which governed the subsequent arrangement of the particles which surrounded the sun within one plane and has explained the origin of the rotation of the resulting planets on their own axes and round the sun. . . . In contrast to the traditional view, which has dominated astronomy for some two centuries, that the heavenly bodies were originally in a gaseous or molten state, the new theory leads to the conclusion that the earth and the other planets were originally cold. Heat is generated in the earth by a process of radio-active disintegration in its interior and the earth will not begin to cool off until a considerable reduction in radio-activity has taken place, which will not happen for many thousand million years.

The Chinese transmission quoted an article in *People's China*, entitled 'New Life for the Chinese Christian Church', by Wu Yao-tsung, described as one of the founders of the 'Christian Reform Movement', launched last year. He began by declaring that Christianity in China had been 'linked with imperialism ever since the introduction of Protestantism in 1807', and that the missionary movement was 'a cultural spearhead for political and military invasion'. Today, he continued, Christian leaders in China realised that the most crucial problem was 'the liquidation of imperialist influence, especially that of the U.S.A., within the Chinese Christian Church'. The Christian Reform Movement had quickly gained momentum because the 'Chinese Christians have seen with their own eyes the defeat of imperialism, feudalism and bureaucratic capitalism in their country. First and foremost, they see that China has a clean government for the first time in her history'. Wu Yao-tsung concluded:

While the communists do not believe in religion, the government takes the stand that if religion serves the people and is not against the people, it should not be discriminated against and should be regarded as a full partner in the united front which is building the new China. The Christian Reform Movement has only just started. The whole framework of imperialist control—the missions, their funds and personnel—has been dismantled by the churches and Christian organisations, with the government's full support. There is still the difficult task of rooting out imperialist influence secreted in the minds of Christians, in literature, hymns and even methods of work in Christian bodies. But the way ahead is clear. The movement will first eliminate imperialist influence from Christianity, and then build a church which will truly and fully express the aspirations of Chinese Christians.

The ratification of the Schuman plan by the French Assembly, was welcomed last week by numerous western commentators. From France, the Socialist *Le Populaire* was quoted as saying:

A first joint European action has come into being: it must be accepted with confidence and we must work for its success and later for its expansion, which will pave the way towards that European political community of which we all feel the need.

From western Germany, the *Frankfurter Neue Presse* was quoted as saying that the French step would rekindle hope in the hearts of the European nations after the disappointment of Strasbourg.

Did You Hear That?

BRITISH BOOK EXHIBITION IN PARIS

THERE IS ON SHOW in Paris one of the most remarkable collections of British books ever to have gone abroad. The exhibition is under the patronage of His Majesty the King and the President of the French Republic. THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. correspondent in Paris, spoke about the exhibition in the Home Service.

'One of the oldest and most precious of the books on show,' he said, 'is a copy of the Gospel According to St. John, bound in leather. This was discovered in the tomb of St. Cuthbert and is over 1,250 years old. And yet the rich, chestnut-coloured leather binding might almost have been tooled yesterday, so clear and so clean it looks. Among the many other treasures there is the tenth-century Benedictional of St. Aethelwold, the finest example in existence of Anglo-Saxon illumination, a masterpiece of rich colour and lovingly careful workmanship. Then there is the only copy in the world of the first edition of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis"—the first work of his that was ever published. And nearby is a document bearing his signature, which is the only form in which his handwriting has survived, as far as is known.

'The document is a deed of sale of a house in Blackfriars, and as such it bears several signatures. Shakespeare's, for this occasion, is surrounded by a small red frame, and it must be admitted that the precaution is a necessary one, for only an expert could hope to identify the spidery scrawl of the master.

'Coming to later times there are the manuscripts of Coleridge's "Kubla Khan", part of Byron's "Don Juan", and Dickens' *Great Expectations*. Among the moderns, the manuscript of Rupert Brooke's poem "The Soldier", with its famous lines:

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England.

Finally, coming to the present day, there are manuscripts of T. S. Eliot and Graham Greene.

'These treasures are drawn from libraries—public, private, and university—all over the United Kingdom. It may come as a surprise to learn that the British Museum is not represented, but that is because it is forbidden by law to send abroad any of its possessions. However the museum has made one contribution, and an important one at that, for it was the British Museum's Keeper of Printed Books, Mr. F. C. Francis, who headed the collection of experts appointed to gather together this superb exhibition of British art'.

TIMELY STITCHING

An exhibition called 'Dress Through the Ages' was opened in London recently. It was arranged by the International Faculty of Art. The dresses are shown on little figures not much more than twelve or fourteen inches high. Mrs. LILIAN LUNN, who made them, spoke about her work in 'The Eye-witness'.

'One stitch', she said, 'can make all the difference in an expression when you are working the features of a face in wool or thread as thin

as cobweb. For instance, I have often been asked how I got my figure of Queen Victoria to look as if she were saying "We are not amused". That calls for one stitch at either side of the chin, and this has the effect of puffing out the cheeks in a severe expression.

'Eyebrows, again, are important. I make each eyebrow with a single loop. But if I want the eyebrow to have a haughty arch I get out my very finest needle, which has to be threaded with the help of a magnifying

glass. Then by two stitches behind the head, I can lift the eyebrow loop just to the right position. You can see such a cocked eyebrow in the figure I have modelled on Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire". That figure took me three weeks to complete, and it needed about 20,000 separate stitches. Giving her the piles of curls of the period required two nights of steady work, for each hair is stitched on individually. But I look upon the stitching as the easy part of the work. What does take a great deal of concentration is studying the characters to be presented entirely in woollen thread. In the case of the Duchess of Devonshire, I worked from a rough sketch I had made in an art gallery. Before I started on the figure representing Queen Mary I got scores of photographs showing Her Majesty from every angle. I lived with these photographs for a week before I attempted the first stitch. It was much the same story with the figures of the Queen and the two Princesses.

'The 150 figures in the collection give a panorama of women's fashions for the past 700 years. First in this historical pageant is Eleanor Castile. I crocheted her crown in the finest gold and silver threads, and knitted her white clinging dress and powder-blue cloak in velvet cord and silver thread. As I went down the centuries I had to consider the change in women's shapes as well as the change in fashions, such as farthingales, crinolines, and bustles. Working a crinoline often made my knuckles and fingers ache, for I had to work with a very stiff cord to give that billowing effect'.



Two of the figurines made by Mrs. Lilian Lunn. H.M. Queen Mary and (left), Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire"

HIS FIRST PLAY

'It all began when I finished my first play', said JOHN BRAINE in a Home Service talk. 'There never has been such a superb play. I remember looking at its clean white pages, its beautiful patent binder, its jet-black text with the stage directions in red. I will never see anything like it again. To quote my own hero, the man who wrote it is dead. There were seventeen characters, eleven of them male. And there were two sets. Properties included a grand piano and a cinematograph, costumes one set of jodhpurs and seven evening suits, noises off a heavenly choir and the sound of eternity, and the characters a dissolute medical student, a disbarred solicitor, and the Devil. The theme, of course, was Faust—the man who sells his soul for wealth and power and then wishes he hadn't. I have since discovered that ninety-nine per cent. of first plays are like this, and that a 100 per cent. of managers want plays with only one set, a maximum of six players, and on any theme except Faust.

'But I did not know that. I saw myself on the threshold of a world of Rolls-Royces, supper with glamorous actresses, a flat in Mayfair. What was ahead of me was quite different. Even now, I do not know exactly how the producer and the play got together. But I do know how the producer and I got together. It was in the bar parlour of a theatrical pub, and I have an entry in a diary to prove it. "Met D., tall, thin, with brief-case. He was two hours late. No dinner, but D. gave me sandwiches from his brief-case. Says play must be cut".'

'During the next month there were many more conferences. They were in different places at different times but they were always the same. They always lasted at least three hours. And I never had anything to eat, except sandwiches, of which the producer seemed to have an inexhaustible supply. Whenever I suggested a proper meal he would say that there was no time for such nonsense. Then he would stuff a sandwich into my mouth rather as a stoker throws in a shovelful of coal, and suggest a further cut. At the end of three weeks I had lost a stone, and the play had been cut by one-and-a-half hours.

'It was the first night which I remember best. I felt proud and humble at the same time. Proud because it was my play, humble because it belonged to so many other people—the producer, the cast, the people backstage. Everything went exactly as it should. There were moments when even I found myself enjoying it. And it is there, standing before an applauding audience, that we should leave me.

'But I had not finished with the play. Or rather it had not finished with me. There was my first unfavourable review. When I read it I went into the woods near my home and wept. It was a wet morning, too, and I caught cold. There was the time when a German student asked me the meaning of the play. I discovered not only that I did not know what it meant but that he knew more about it than I did. And there were the good reviews, which came too late to bring the audiences which the bad reviews had lost us.

'There were not any offers from the West End, Hollywood, or anyone at all. So I came to London and started writing articles again. I shall never earn my fortune with them, but I do earn something. And in between the articles? Yes, I am writing another play'.

RIVAL BOTANISTS IN INVERNESS-SHIRE

'Three plants of the utmost interest have lately been added to the British list of newly-discovered flowers', said JOHN RAVEN in a Home Service talk, 'and it cannot even be said, of two out of the three at least, that they are exceedingly scarce. *Koenigia islandica* is scattered, often in astonishing abundance, over several miles of easily accessible country; and even *Diapensia lapponica*, a conspicuous cushion of a plant covered with relatively large white flowers, actually about three-quarters of an inch across, grows—where it elects to grow—in a rather impressive mass. As for *Homogyne alpina*, the alpine coltsfoot, that is the one of the trio I have not yet seen. It is, I believe, distinctly scarce; but it evidently lives in one of the most celebrated of all botanical hunting grounds—the Clova District of County Angus. Why were these plants so long overlooked and how were they eventually discovered?

'To describe these three plants as all alike new to Britain is not, as a matter of fact, strictly true: the only one that had not been found before this year was the *Diapensia*; and for that very reason, though it is botanically the most exciting of the three, the story behind its discovery is the least unusual. It was found on July 5 by Mr. C. F. Tebbutt, whose chief interest, I believe, is in birds rather than in plants. He collected a number of specimens and posted some of them to Kew. The news reached me, by way of a friend in Edinburgh, just when I was on the point of leaving for exactly the right district of Inverness-shire; and so naturally I dashed off to photograph the plant.

'When we reached the top of the mountain my friends and I were horrified to see what one does not often see in those parts—three figures

approaching from the other side; and in dread lest they should guess why we were there, we talked desperately about anything in the world but plants—until I noticed a familiar green hat. The three rivals proved to be a botanical party from Edinburgh, who had come at the request of Kew to verify and amplify the original record; and the owner of the green hat was none other than the friend who had given me my directions.

'Neither party at that stage had had any luck at all: the mountain was about as unproductive as a mountain can be. The fact is, as we discovered quite late in the day, that it inhabits only about an acre in all—two little rocky crests, composed presumably of a slightly richer rock, and surrounded on all sides by miles of wilderness; and the reason, I suspect, why it eventually fell to an ornithologist to discover it rather than to a botanist is simply that any normal botanist would have despaired of the whole mountain long before he came in sight of its one rewarding acre'.

THE MONK WHO RAN A CIRCUS

'One of the best circuses I ever saw was run by a monk', said ANTHONY BRODE in a West of England Home Service talk. 'It had horses and trapeze acts, wire-walkers and acrobats and clowns. And, although none of those who took part in it were professionals, people used to come from all over the country to see it. The name of the monk who ran the circus was Reginald Gard'ner. He was born in Berkshire in 1908, and he died in 1947. Originally he was trained at a ballet school, but he went on the stage and in the early days of the cinema he would give monologues before the actual film came on. He was an expert conjurer, too, and eventually became a member of the Inner Magic Circle. And then, before he was twenty, he dropped it all and became a monk. For some time he helped in the parish work of Staithes in Yorkshire, living in a damp little fisherman's cottage which probably started the asthma he suffered from so much later on. By his twenty-first birthday he was the Brother Superior of an Anglican community.

'He came to Frensham—on the Hampshire-Surrey border—in 1931. In 1933 Brother Joseph (to use his proper title) started an institution to look after mentally deficient boys. One of his most unorthodox ideas was the circus. Originally it was a P.T. display, and then a pantomime donkey was used to add a touch of humour to the programme. The boys became surprisingly proficient in gym work, and gradually they began to practise on various bits of simple equipment—working their way up from an ordinary vaulting horse. Juggling and balancing turns were introduced, and sometimes Brother Joseph would do a bit of conjuring.

'After that the show began to grow rapidly. It acquired its own big top, which held 800 people, and toured in its brightly coloured vans all over the south of England. In 1936 the Frensham community was received into the Catholic Church. The institution remained in existence for another couple of years, but then the strain began to tell and, chiefly for health reasons, it was closed'.

THREE 'LAST BITS OF ADVICE' FROM THE P.M.G.

In a Home Service talk last week the POSTMASTER-GENERAL gave 'three last bits of advice'. 'First' (he said) 'remember that a Christmas card in an unsealed envelope needs a 1½d. and not a 1d. stamp. Your friends are not going to thank you for sending them a card that costs them money in surcharges. Secondly, please go slow on the telephones and telegraphs on Christmas Day in England and New Year's Day in Scotland, because we do not want to have many of our staff away from their homes on these days. Thirdly, if you want to talk to your friends overseas at Christmas or the New Year, book your telephone calls now. Or if you want to send them a telegram that will reach them on the right day, let us have it as soon as you can. Do not wait until Christmas or New Year's Day, because if you do, we may have to disappoint you'.



Diapensia lapponica, one of the three wild plants recently discovered in Britain

Journey in the Middle East—II

Operation Magic Carpet

By JULIAN DUGUID

THERE is a strange story in Israel—and it surely deserves to be true—of a pilot who smelt burning in his aircraft. He was over the desert at the time with a cargo of Yemeni Jews on his way from Aden to Lydda. He had more than 100 passengers, and even in his flash of anxiety he was surprised there were no signs of panic. He put it down to their ignorance: they had never seen an aeroplane before: and he sent his co-pilot to investigate. As the door from the cockpit opened, the smell became stronger and more acrid. The compartment swam with smoke, but the refugees were unmoved by it. They had cleared a space on the floor and were calmly cooking their lunch. When questioned on arrival in Israel, they said it was all very simple. King Solomon had sent them south to look for gold and silver in the tenth century B.C. They had not listened to the Prophet Ezra when he told them to return to Jerusalem in the fourth century B.C. They had been waiting ever since; but the Scrolls of the Law had upheld them. For had not God said unto Moses: 'I bore you on eagle's wings and brought you unto myself?' There was no intention of impiety in cooking a frugal meal in the belly of the promised eagle.

This exodus from the Yemen to Aden and thence by air to Lydda was called Operation Magic Carpet, though I have here stretched it to mean all the Jews who came home to Israel. Some 47,000 people came out through the desert from the Yemen, and all were transported by air. It cost 4,000,000 dollars, which was paid by the Jews of America. The Yemenites are gentle people, and are most beautiful workers in silver and also in coloured embroidery, which is rather like that of Kashmir. They had the solid reputation of being the only group which has not grumbled at the hardships of the new State of Israel. Why should they? They have had a long wait.

There are two kinds of emigrant to Israel. First, there is the pioneering Zionist: the man and the woman who felt that it was their joy, their glory, and their duty to return to the soil of their ancestors and redeem it with their sweat and labour. David Ben Gurion, Prime Minister of Israel, was one of the earliest of these and he has written of what it felt like in those days in 1905 when he left his home in Russia.

We had gone forth from exile to redemption, our own redemption. Far, far behind us we had left the narrow alleys and the dirty side-

streets, and now we lived among gardens and groves. And everything had become new here, nature, life, and work. . . . Now we were working, we were planting seedlings, picking oranges, grafting trees, hoeing with the hoe, digging wells. We were tillers of the soil, and indeed of the homeland soil. We were not working. We were conquering, winning back a land. What more did we want or need!

This mystical love of the soil brought many enthusiasts to the country. They founded settlements, reclaimed the land. They were ashamed and revolted by the theory that the Jew was never a countryman, that he never worked with his hands. They resented the ghetto Jew, with his pale face, his unexercised body. They felt that he would live better in the sunlight, planting trees for his children. Such men made Israel possible, but they were never more than a minority. They were respected,



Yemeni Jews flying from Aden to Lydda; and (below) one of the many new Jewish immigrants' settlements in Israel



perhaps, but not followed by the vast body of Jewry. Yet, when Hitler's shadow fell, their work was found to be priceless. They provided a foothold and a sanctuary where Jews could work out their salvation—if they were willing to face the hardship.

The second kind of emigrant came in reaction to fear. It would be absurd to blame them for this—6,000,000 of their people died—but it is dangerous to overlook it. For fear is not creative. It drains rather than encourages. It may lead, so simply and fatally, to the refugee mind; the mind that says to its rescuers: 'I'm finished. I don't care what happens. Feed me and let me alone'. Out of that, revolutions have come; and the Israelis know it well. It is their hope, and their strenuous endeavour, to absorb the refugees: to place them firmly on the land before they start to rot. They believe it is a race against time because Israel is no bigger than Wales with Monmouth; and Tel Aviv is a powerful magnet for those who have no love for the soil. Already, the city is too large, too full of the kind of Jew who prefers trading to farming. Already, there are trickles of hundreds who are leaving the refugee camps to squeeze themselves into its housing shortage. If this drain increased to thousands, the Israeli State might be in danger. The Government could direct its labour and have a disappointed

countryside. Or it could be swamped in Tel Aviv. And that is exactly what the Arab States, crouched in an unfriendly semi-circle, are hoping is going to happen. They do not think Israel can survive its own internal pressures.

In order to see the stages by which wandering Jews are welcomed home, I met an emigrant ship in Haifa. There was nothing dramatic about it. No one was wounded or starving. It was just a crowded vessel full of French and North African Jews. The North Africans were leaving their countries because they no longer felt secure now that Muslims are embroiled with Israel. They feared an outbreak of pogroms. The French on board were different. I spoke to a pretty young girl who told me that she and her companions belonged to a Zionist group. For years they had corresponded with a communal settlement in Israel and were coming out to join it. They were four young people, alone. They had left their parents for ever. They were being met by a member of the settlement, who was waving encouragement from the quay. The problems of this young French girl were comparatively simple, as were those of the emigrants with friends, or with money. It was the others I wanted to visit: those who came into Israel under the proud and exacting promise that no Jew, however old or poor, should be denied the right of entry. There is something heroic in that promise, even if they may have to alter it. No country, so far as I know, has ever welcomed the old and the needy as well as the young and the strong.

First Steps for the Emigrants

The first step on the emigrant's way is a temporary camp near the port. Here, doctors examine their bodies and clerks examine their minds to see what work they are fit for. They are asked if they will go on the land; and, as most of them have never seen Tel Aviv, most of them say they will. They are then taken to a temporary settlement as far as possible from a town. It is hoped that by the time they learn Hebrew they will feel an affection for the soil.

These settlements are an ingenious contrivance for hooking a person to the land. They are villages of dark-brown tents, set in the brilliant sunlight in orderly, military rows. At first they seem barren and commonplace: a dumping-ground for flotsam that has drifted in to Israel. Young children are playing in the dust. There is a constant ebb of movement round the communal store in the centre, but one feels one has seen it before. A refugee camp in the wilderness, with its purposeless comings and goings; its long descent into futility.

It is not like that at all if one pokes beneath the surface. There is a ceaseless pressure to succeed, to make a new life triumphantly. It is explained to each and all that there is a new country to build and that nobody else can build it. If they fall down on the job, Israel will crumble and fail. And where else in the world could they go if that disaster should happen? Their boats had been properly burned. They must conquer here or perish. That part of the lesson explained, the Government gets down to business. It provides the food and the water, teaches the adults Hebrew and the elements of western hygiene, and opens a school for the children. There are hundreds of thousands of Middle Eastern Jews, from Iraq and Persia and the Yemen, most of whom have never seen a tap and cannot read and write. In addition, a clinic is set up with a resident nurse in charge; and a doctor for each four villages. They are short of medical help, and their prayer is for no epidemic when the rain scours the tents in the after-Christmas cloud-bursts.

So far, there is nothing new. Physically, there is little to separate them from the Arab refugee camps which I saw on the other side of Jordan. Even the large, brown tents are the same when seen from a distance. But the Israelis have more money to spend and they have used it with real imagination. They know the dangers of apathy; and they have told each member of a camp that this is only temporary: that this is the site of their village, that soon it will be green with crops, and that the sooner they get to building the next stage of their homes the sooner will the rain cease to bother them. Meanwhile, they can earn some money by making the neighbouring roads, by planting trees on their land, and by digging trenches for pipe-lines. Most of them work with energy, though some do steal away to Tel Aviv.

And, after all, why should they shirk? They volunteered to come, which makes them much more fortunate than the average refugee. It gives them a springboard of hope. The Government, wisely and humanely, gives them little time to brood. Their survival may depend on that.

I saw the next stage of the journey from nothing to a stake in the

country on the road from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. In the foothills of the Mountains of Judea, which looked bare and harsh and pale against a sky as blue as a hedge-sparrow's egg, was a brand-new, shining camp. The brown tents had gone. So had the refugee air of hanging about and brooding. In their place were bright, tin huts, which would house a family of four. They were ugly, of course, and out of place to someone who thought of Israel in terms of religious buildings. They were more like chicken-coops than shrines. But when one thought of the matter humanly, as a background to men's endeavour in a hard and rocky land, they were something less than a year since these people had been shifted, leaving the fields to be ploughed. A long, thin snake of a pipe sucked water up from the valley, and trees were beginning to grow. A tractor was working noisily; the whole settlement moved with purpose. Yet it was something less than a year since these people were living in tents. They were still being fed by the Government, but they were on their way to a competence. In another year or two they would be a regular, settled village. They would not only feed themselves but send food into Tel Aviv.

It was in the rich Vale of Sharon that I saw this final kind of settlement. The land was heavy with vegetables. There were swirling water-sprays everywhere; and the tin huts had vanished. In their place were concrete boxes, a room and a half to four people; their porches trailing with cucumbers. I spoke to several of the settlers, and they showed me what they had done. One young woman seemed typical of the rest. She was married, in her early twenties. She had met her husband in Prague, where he worked as a weaver of textiles. They did not like the communists, so they came away to Israel. She pointed to what she had brought with her. A large mahogany cupboard and a large double bed. These two were her relics of Europe, and they made it uncommonly difficult to enter her house at all. She had not a penny when she left, but now she had a neat little property. Six acres of fertile land, a large cage-full of chickens, and a stall with a couple of cows. Not much, but enough; and she was free to live her life as she wanted it among other refugee Jews who had wandered back to their homeland. She looked tired but she seemed to be content.

Just before I left, her young son wandered in. He may have been three or four. Her face lighted like a torch, and she said a little breathlessly: 'It's hard for us sometimes when we remember the old life and the friends we left in Prague. But for this child and his companions, Israel is all they have known'.

I found that many times in Israel. There is a lost generation, with roots in two different worlds. They are sowing a crop in Israel which they do not expect to reap. They are sowing it, bravely, for their children.—*Home Service*

Birth of a Prince

Out of amazing darkness like a star,
Whiter than lilies, crowned with burning gold,
Behold the Longed For One, the Avatar,
And the Prince of the Lands of Light behold!

Thou shalt upon the rich hills of thick spices
Pace like the zodiac ram with diamond horns;
Out of the unseen plaintive Paradises
Beauty shall come to thee on rose-red morns.

Sigh over thee with weeping feathery branches
In the walks of Eden all green gleaming trees,
And the crawling ice of inflexible avalanches
Shall creep like a cowed beast to clasp thy knees.

Thou shalt command the star-dust, candent fountains
Rise in a wave of lilies round thy throne;
The wind's winged girls upon the morning's mountains
Shall wash thee in the rainbow's pearl-dim zone.

Under thy feet the old red monstrous dragon
Shall lie extended like a sleeping lamb,
And thou shalt drink out of a sun-bright flagon
The strong wine of the vineyards of I AM . . .

WILFRED ROWLAND CHILDE

The Stones of Milan

By ROBERT FURNEAUX JORDAN

'MILAN', says *Le Guide Bleu*, 'is the first industrial town of Italy. Its appearance is essentially modern; nevertheless it offers remarkable monuments'. Is it comic, that 'nevertheless', naive, or tragic—'essentially modern; nevertheless it offers remarkable monuments'. It does, of course, but you will not find them in *Le Guide Bleu*. It is not only that it is not one bit like Manchester—this 'first industrial town of Italy'. One knows that, anyway; but up there on the leads of the cathedral roof, where they climb to see the saints on their pinnacles, is the soda bar. And that, you feel, is also so unlike the close at Salisbury? But mainly, for us, Milan is not saints on pinnacles nor even Leonardo's 'Last Supper'—it is just a railway station, a char-a-banc caravanserai. They swarm with their guide-books, over the Simplon, to hurry on to Florence, Venice, or Rome. Well, why not? One may prefer the little piazza at San Gimignano or the pine woods behind Ravenna, but who would not hurry on to Florence, Venice, or Rome? In Milan, after all, there was never a Browning as in Florence; a George Sand or a de Musset as in Venice; never Victorian Christmases as on the Via del Corso; no *fin-de-siècle* villas for Bostonians as on the hill up to Fiesole; no Shelley, no Aspern Papers—just a posting station on the Grand Tour, then as now.

That is for us, of course, not for the Italians. For them it is essentially modern and therefore—'therefore', not 'nevertheless'—offers remarkable monu-



Workers' flats in Milan: a housing scheme which was completed for showing at the recent Triennale Exhibition. Left: arcade near Milan Cathedral



ments. Mysteriously it is in Milan (not in Rome where, even today, Papal Bourbons forget nothing and learn nothing) but in Milan in 1951 that Italy's heart is beating. And Milan herself has a soul: the soul of a city, that distilled essence of how and why a million people live, is also rather mysterious. Its impact is quite tremendous but, being compounded of a thousand separate moments, it is in the end quite ineffable. Milan's soul is very sophisticated. There are other cities that are old and lovely, but not in the least like this; for all the grey-greens of Edinburgh's northern doric there can never be anything very sophisticated, very European, can there, about high-tea in Princes Street? Even London's sophistications, like her eighteenth-century art, are not really her own; they come with her wine from the south. A city's soul is derived from her beauty and understanding of herself, her sophistication from her experience. That is why New Orleans, say, almost of the Old World, has something for which New York must wait 500 years. Yet Milan has bigger neon lights than Broadway. But then, on a wet evening, when they are reflected in the huge brown-and-pink granite slabs that pave the Piazza, one remembers that it was all paved like that for Caesar's chariots. Neon lights, Roman paving, and the soda-bar between the flying buttresses: essentially modern, you see, but—nevertheless—remarkable monuments!

Milan's soul is brittle too. Odd, this. For with 2,000 years of experience, there should, one thinks, come understanding, all manner of kindly nuances in a city's life. Paris is sophisticated, that is her role; but the soft greens and silvery whites of the Quais are somehow a counterpart of her experience, that

infinite tiredness, almost, that brings understanding. But Milan, for all her sophistication, is—*Le Guide Bleu* tells you so—‘essentially modern’. As authors, painters, architects talk, as they do in cities, they become nostalgic; but in the café at Milan we agreed that, in spite of everything, and that ‘everything’ may include almost anything, we would have lived only in this twentieth century. True we then went into the ancient majestic gloom of Sant’Ambrogio, but then we saw it with complete understanding, since the ninth century also was very virile, very terrible.

Imperial in Scale

It is Sunday morning out in the Piazza del Duomo—a vast space more traffic-free than the Place de la Concord, less exquisite but less hackneyed than the Piazza San Marco. Mass is over and the families and groups of families are talking, arguing: Fascism, communism, anarchism, the Russians, the Americans, art—what you will. It is the Hyde Park orators but without the orators since everyone takes part. Behind is the cathedral—bits and pieces from every century, with enormous pedimented doorways leading the eye upwards to the saints of old Christian Europe; but downwards beneath the paving are the public baths and an exhibition hall for art. Around the Piazza are the arcades; these have none of the artistry of, say, Gabriel’s Crillon in Paris or the Libreria Vecchia in Venice; they were built, so to speak, only yesterday—but here, too, is that ghost of ancient Rome that, for me, haunts so perpetually this modern city. These arcades, sheltering pavements as wide as Bond Street, really are imperial in scale: twice, perhaps three times, the height of the similar ones that Bonaparte, also in Roman mood, had built along the Rue de Rivoli.

It can be a cold, alpine city and yet, Mediterranean fashion, life, is lived, organised, in the streets. An agora-minded people. In the Piazza the flowers and potted plants are sold in the northern shade of the cathedral; over there is a corner for the active, questionable money-changers; a place in the Galleria is for businessmen to do their cut-throat deals; and there is music attuned to the upper, middle, and lower classes, no class ever listening to the tunes intended for another. And there are the bookshops, above all Salto’s. It began in a suitcase, long ago, when Salto, father and son, hawked books around to students—serious Quartier Latin students in garrets; but today the books, the students, and some fine exhibitions are altogether in Salto’s rooms, not a shop as we know it but rooms off a fine courtyard. If, however, you like real shop windows, then in the Galleria they are as glamorous, lush, and vulgar as any in the world.

I have almost called it the ‘cultural capital’ of Italy: a cliché and not quite true since a capital has often only the superficial cosmopolitanism that travels with a *corps diplomatique*. Rex Leeper or Harold Nicolson dining in the Hermitage of Edwardian Petersburg, the Duff Coopers at Maxims, or Ribbentrop at Quaglini’s never made Petersburg, Paris, or London one whit more cosmopolitan; they were transient islands in a Russian, French, or English ocean. In Milan today—as once in Paris, when Whistler or George Moore talked with Manet and Lautrec in the Nouvelle Athènes, one mind sharpens itself upon another, and that is the oldest, most vital function of a city. The cosmopolitanism of the mind is opposed to the cosmopolitanism of society.

When a city’s blood flows fast, cruelties, inequalities get forgotten or, somehow, sublimated. Milan is nothing if not, well, let us call it ‘radical’, and yet one dines at Genarros. Nothing here of the soft-lighted luxury of Jermyn Street or the Avenue Georges Cinque; it is just that for fifty years, in a back street, a good cook has made his fortune. But today the gorgeous lobby is lined with pretty, tinkling aquaria (you choose your trout or carp), and beyond a wall of plate glass are the busy chefs and sizzling escallops. You choose your dining room; Baroque, Pompeian, Quattrocento, or what you will, and eat your netted larks. Its lush luxury, and its noise may also, like the paving and arcades of the Piazza, be a racial memory of Imperial Rome, but it is very modern, too. We talked of the cities and buildings of tomorrow, and that might have happened in Imperial Rome—not in St. James’s, or the Faubourg St. Honoré.

My bedroom window was, like my bathroom, a remarkable affair: folding, sliding, double glazed, and covered in gadgets. It would have paid twice over for all the windows in a post-war English house. Beneath it, eight floors down, in the lee of a workmen’s hoarding, a down-and-out spent the nights. That happens here on the Embankment; and since we have made this almost a tradition it tends to draw a veil over a shameful fact. How much better to have it, eight floors down, under the windows of the Ritz. And in Milan, even since

1945, they have been building Ritzes. The Palace Hotel, for instance, by Ramponi, is a huge, twelve-storey block of incredible luxury, slick, smooth, and smart; the perfect ‘pub’ for Europe’s and America’s highest-class spivs. Like all Milanese buildings it is exquisitely finished since a 2,000-year-old tradition of craftsmanship in marble, mosaic, and plaster does not die overnight; otherwise it might be any Grand Babylon between Chicago and Istanbul. Very different, in a little street off the Piazza, is the Hotel Duomo, by Avati and Bega, where the decorative arts of Milan—at that high pitch of positive colour and beauty that we know from the journal *Domus*—are shown in luscious public rooms and in extraordinary bedrooms, galleried like Chelsea studios. Materials, finish, decor, are all quite fascinating and most tremendously alive.

Not that all the luxury, all the marbles and mosaic, or even all the good bathrooms are in the Ritzes. In a decade the Italian peasant in the town has vanished, to be replaced by the modern urban worker. One must build for him, too. And so—without, to the Milanese mind, any incongruity—the big hotels and the workers’ flats are together creating a new Milanese skyline. Not that any great art is yet coming out of Milan; there is no renaissance as in the decadent Sweden of the ‘twenties. However, with its sophistication and even crudeness, Milan does know where it is going: a little further to where the century’s signposts have been pointing for so long. We, in the Anglo-American west are, let us face the fact, living in a counter revolution. Italy is not. That is why, amidst the cafés and studios, one never forgets that out in the hinterland or down the *autostrada* are the workers of Sesto and Fiat. It is not revolutionary, yet; it is anarchistic. Between workers and intellectuals there is no gulf, and that is a classic symptom.

Apart from her racial memory that art and ‘remarkable monuments’ do matter, Milan has for fifty years had its *avant garde* movements. Futurism, Cubism, Constructivism, Functionalism: all the ‘isms’ in fact that have touched poetry, painting, drama, architecture in Europe, had their Milanese facet. Then the Fascists marched on Rome and it all vanished. A few—Ezra Pound, for instance—backed the wrong horse, but otherwise the artists of today are the resistance movement of yesterday. In 1945, as the Duce’s corpse dangled out there is a suburban garage, the artists, like the monarchs after the Congress of Vienna, crept out into the sun. There were the architects like Rogers, Belgioioso, Cardella, Pollini; a great sculptor—Marino Marini—and innumerable painters of interest, a few of great merit. The journal *Domus* acquired international status, and Emer and Graz, in their ‘Venezia’ and ‘Della Laguna’ made for us the most poetic films in all the world.

The Work of ‘Studio BBPR’

Inside the cemetery gates is a little open space. All round are the pretentious chunks of banal sculpture that an otherwise inhibited bourgeoisie drapes over its tombs. In this space is a light, almost elegant device, a beautifully proportioned cubical cage some ten-feet high, with an urn in the centre, a monument to those who died in concentration camps or in the streets. There is a replica in the Museum of Modern Art in New York, but there the point must be lost, for it is in contrast with these other monuments that it tells—indeed in the cemetery it almost sings. It was conceived and built almost overnight in a moment of high emotion. It was designed on an upper floor in the cloister of San Simpliciano. This studio, once a refectory, is a long, high room—vaulted, cool, and white—with, at the entrance, a fine horseman by Marini. Here work the group of architects known as Studio BBPR—their initials. Banfi died in a German prison, but the first ‘B’ of BBPR remains. The ‘R’ is Ernesto Rogers (a quarter Sunderland, three-quarters Milanese) who has taught architecture at Tucuman in the Argentine and in London—so that a trickle of boys now flows back from London to work in Milan. How much, indeed, the brighter corners of the Festival of Britain owe to Milan is a secret I must not tell.

The work of BBPR is part of the Milanese marriage of old and new. In the Castello Sforzesco—the great brick-towered museum—BBPR are re-organising the whole display: revolutionising museum arrangement, placing the Leonardos, the Bramantes, and the sculptures of ancient Rome in the great Gothic Halls so that they can be seen more truly as they were meant to be seen. But also in this studio is being designed Milan’s first skyscraper, a Marshall Aid building with a number of U.S. offices supporting a few Italian flats at the top. More interesting is the scheme for a Museum of Modern Art in Venice, almost the first new building on the Grand Canal for many

centuries. The ground-floor will be a fragment of an old Baroque palace; above that it will be very modern, very suitable for its purpose, and completely in harmony with the rich, coloured luminosity of Venice. This little studio has, for some of us, become an international focal point. The morning I arrived, Saarinen, the great American architect, was having a look; so was the Director of the Rijks Museum in Amsterdam; so were thirty students from Zurich. A typical BBPR morning, but then, as any Renaissance artist would agree, stimulus and argument are part of the job.

Milan has a rather macabre hinterland—neither town, suburb, nor country, but a desert of brown grass crossed by trams and cars—that is partly undeveloped land, partly an inheritance from the R.A.F. What is odd is the isolated suddenness with which blocks of housing—comparable in scale with our big new scheme in Pimlico, shot up out of this not very green 'green belt'. At night, in a village of vines, ox-carts, and paddy-fields, one may bump quite suddenly into a ten-storey block of luxury flats. One day Milan will swallow up these villages. At the moment, they symbolise a meeting of the seventeenth and twentieth centuries.

The Triennale—the Ninth Triennale—has just closed. This extraordinary exhibition is not only international, selective, and artistic: it sells Italy's wares to the world and sells them all the more vigorously

because it is not tainted with the commercialism of the ordinary Leipzig or Olympia trade fairs. Minor memories remain. Cardella's History of the Chair, for instance: more than 200 chairs (from early Medici to the thrones of today) each set on a square of velvet in a big white hall. Or, in a display of industrial techniques, a huge picture of a medieval warrior riveted into greaves and swelling breast-plate, contrasted with a very little modern man—dwarfed by his armour, the riveted plates of a ship. Roger's contribution to the Triennale, called *Architecture, Measure of Man*, and Carlo Marsoli's collection of books showing the theme of proportion from the setting out of the pyramids through the Greeks and Vitruvius to Le Corbusier's 'modulor': these were the basis of something which could, I think, have happened in 1951 in no city save Milan: a crowded International Congress on 'Divine Proportion'.

As I drove home, across the deserts of the moon that lie between Stresa and the Alps and up to where golden autumn met the snow, I thought of another journey, a journey south more than 100 years ago, when Alexander Herzen—refugee from Tsarism—having turned his back in disillusionment upon the Paris of Louis Philippe, wrote this: 'There is one country in Europe which is capable of soothing you and making you shed tears, not of disgust and disappointment but of delight—and that country is Italy'.—*Third Programme*

The Spiritual Message of Dostoevsky*

By GEORGE KATKOV

DOSTOEVSKY was once described as a prophet from whom the meaning of his own prophecies remained concealed. This led to so many unwarranted speculations as to the prophecies' real meaning that it has become almost as difficult to talk sense about them as to interpret the Book of Revelation.

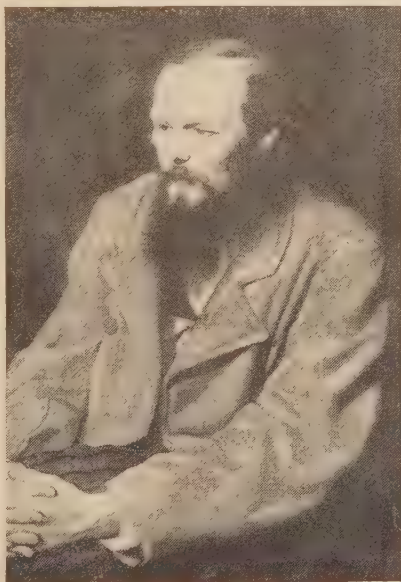
Dostoevsky never laid down his teaching in systematic form: we have to reconstruct it from the various aspects which it assumes when reflected in his novels, in his journalism, and not least in the dramatic course of his life. He published his first novel, *Poor People*, in 1845. It was an extraordinary success and he was immediately admitted as a promising writer to the circles of the Russian radical intelligentsia, who were seething with revolt against the conditions in Russia under the rule of Nicholas I. A quarter of a century later Dostoevsky wrote: 'I was initiated to the gospel of a rejuvenated world and to the holiness of the future communist society by Belinsky as early as 1846'. Belinsky, who for a time became his teacher and mentor, was the apostle of all political radicalism in Russia. It is he who, according to Dostoevsky, taught him to reject the Christian foundations of our society and to believe that religion, family property, nationalism and patriotism were criminal.

The social evils of Russian life against which Belinsky's revolt was directed had been diagnosed many years before, and serfdom, which was first denounced by Radishchev in the late eighteenth century, was the greatest of these evils. It had a demoralising effect on both serfs and squires. Gogol's exposure of the degrading position of the lower civil servant class completed the picture. In the eighteen-forties the beginnings of capitalism threatened to create a new form of social destitution. Belinsky and his friends understood only too well that these evils could not be overcome by demanding the strict observance of social conventions and religious precepts; they turned to the progressive social teaching of the west. In rapid succession they absorbed the theories of liberalism, utopian socialism, and, after 1848, Marxist communism. Dostoevsky accepted all these theories with naive enthusiasm, first from Belinsky himself,

then from one Petrashevsky, an ardent adept of Fourier, whose radicalism carried him so far as to build a phalanstery on his estate, but not much further. Dostoevsky was, however, not content with 'mere talk' and longed for direct action; recent research has revealed what the secret police, who investigated the so-called 'Petrashevsky conspiracy', failed to establish: Dostoevsky did indeed take part in a plot to incite the peasants to an open revolt against serfdom. When he was arrested and accused of much less important crimes, Dostoevsky stubbornly denied all the charges. We have his word for it that he remained unrepentant, even when facing the execution squad.

One would have thought that a faked execution, followed by a last-minute reprieve and four years in a convicts' prison, would have turned a man like Dostoevsky into an accomplished revolutionary. In fact he became a passionate critic of radical liberalism and an enemy of revolution. Dostoevsky's own explanation of this change of heart was that by coming into closer contact with the common people of Russia, he was converted to their simple faith, which, he maintained, preserved the basic truth of Christianity in its purest form, uncorrupted by western ideas. But this explanation is hardly adequate. The account which Dostoevsky gives of his life in Siberia in his *Notes from the House of the Dead* is not a revelation of a new faith and philosophy; it is a revelation of the experience of mass suffering. Dostoevsky's enforced inactivity in the convicts' prison gave him ample opportunity to study the interaction of suffering and moral depravity in this laboratory of evil.

His radical friends had taught him that social evil was the result of political and economic conditions and not of vice and moral deficiency. They regarded moral depravity as a mere consequence of environment, of unequal opportunities for self-fulfilment, and of maldistribution of wealth. Dostoevsky's experiences in Siberia gave the lie to this theory. He discovered that Belinsky had misled him when—in order to shake his religious convictions—he had claimed that the Russians were the most atheistic of all nations.



Fedor Mikhailovich Dostoevsky (1821-1881)

* The second of five talks on 'The Revolt against Liberalism and Rationalism'

Dostoevsky turned against his former teacher. He further found that utilitarianism was not applicable in surroundings where the main problem was not how to distribute happiness, but how to distribute suffering. Utilitarians tacitly assumed that the distribution of happiness in a social group affects the value of the whole, and that a lower balance of happiness in one part of the group or in one generation can be redressed by a higher balance in another. This assumption was shared both by the revolutionary and by the liberal thinkers of the nineteenth century. The revolutionary believed that the horrors of a revolution could be compensated by the increase of happiness in a harmonious future socialist society. The liberals took comfort in the idea that the aches and pains of capitalist development would be outweighed by the progress of prosperity and by the development of higher social forms. Progress seemed to them as safely secured as the evolution of species proclaimed by Darwin as a new law of nature. Dostoevsky's criticism was directed against the *ethics* on which these theories were based. In 1873 Dostoevsky wrote in his *Diary of a Writer*: 'All these lofty European teachers, our light and our hope, all those Millses, Darwins and Strausses, consider the moral duties of modern man sometimes in a most disconcerting manner'. And six years later he formulated his criticism in a far more dramatic way in *The Brothers Karamazov*:

Imagine that you are building the edifice of human destiny with the ultimate aim of rendering humanity happy and giving it at last peace and contentment. And now, in order to achieve this aim, it becomes necessary and unavoidable to martyr to death only one minute human creature . . . a child . . . so that the edifice may be built on its unavenged tears. Would you agree to become the architect under such conditions?

A Simple Idea

In the novel this argument is used by the atheist westerner Ivan in order to justify his scornful rejection of God's creation and to demonstrate the absurdity of a theodicy. A few months later, however, Dostoevsky made the argument his own—almost word for word—in his famous speech at the Pushkin anniversary celebrations in 1880. He even went to the length of ascribing this idea to Pushkin himself—needless to say, a preposterous assumption. But in ascribing it to Pushkin, Dostoevsky intended to emphasise that the moral attitude behind the argument is typically Russian as opposed to 'the disconcerting ethics of those lofty European teachers'. He himself used the argument as a trenchant criticism of the principle of the greatest happiness of the greatest number. In their zealous promotion of this greatest happiness, western social reformers—when calculating the total happiness of society—had treated the destinies of individuals as interchangeable units. The destinies and sufferings of the few, the useless, the weak, the humble, and indeed the criminal, which were sacred in a Christian world, were implicitly disregarded. Dostoevsky's work could indeed be described as a continuous attempt to render plausible in all its implications a very simple idea: the harm done to the humblest and least significant human being can never in any circumstances be justified by any advantage derived from it by others, be it society as a whole or be it some kind of Nietzschean superman.

But the greatest evil of all, according to Dostoevsky, is not the actual harm which befell the unfortunate and the injured but the blindness of the modern world to this simple idea, a blindness which amounts to apostasy from Christianity. And this is why Dostoevsky rejected outright the recipes of both liberal reform and social revolution. In his story *The Dream of a Ludicrous Fellow*, written in 1877, he speaks scornfully of those who try to find a short cut to social harmony by inventing systems which would reunite all men in such a way that each could continue to love himself above all and yet not obstruct others. Such ideas can, according to Dostoevsky, only lead to wars and revolutions. But this is not the worst that can happen to humanity. 'I maintain', said Dostoevsky, 'that if all these modern sublime teachers were given ample opportunity to destroy the old society and to build it anew, there would result such darkness, such chaos, something so coarse, so blind, so inhuman, that the entire edifice would crumble away to the accompaniment of the maledictions of mankind even before its erection had been completed'. This is what the renunciation of Christ would lead to, and by 'renunciation of Christ' Dostoevsky did not merely mean the loss of faith in a theological dogma. What he meant was the renunciation of an attitude in human relations based on recognition of the irreplaceable value of each individual.

Dostoevsky's views converge at this point with those of Tolstoy. But unlike Tolstoy he did not go the way of Christian anarchism. He accepted the necessity for the state, for legislation, for compulsion both

in national and international affairs. Here again Dostoevsky was confirmed in his view by a personal experience: by the intensity of his will to live, which drowned all other feelings when he stood at the execution pole. This convinced him of the strength of the animal instinct of self-assertion in human nature. During his stay in prison this instinct became his driving and sustaining force. You need, however, *compulsion* to check and control this bestial element. But compulsion is of no avail if it is itself based on egotism, even of the sublimated, utilitarian kind. Dostoevsky expressed this in his peculiar idiom by demanding the establishment of a kind of theocracy, where state authority, in carrying out its restrictive functions, would be guided exclusively by Christian principles. Even if the rulers, renouncing their own selfish aims, act as disinterested agents for the needs of the dumb popular masses, as did the Grand Inquisitor, it is not enough: there can be no blessing on their action so long as the egotism of the masses has not been enlightened by the exacting demands of Christian love.

But when state power is guided by an unselfish desire to protect the weak and the suffering, then the use of compulsion, even to the extent of war, becomes a duty. When Russia went to war for the liberation of the orthodox Christians from Turkish oppression, Dostoevsky greeted the war as an unselfish action on behalf of humanity, and he even quoted Gladstone in support of his contention. Nothing infuriated Dostoevsky more than the indifference and hypocritical incredulity of the west towards the reports of Turkish atrocities.

Dostoevsky spoke, as many Russians did in those days, of the final doom of western civilisation. The proletarian masses would rise, he believed, driven by unrestrained greed and envy, and no liberal reforms would appease them, because under the pretence of progressiveness reforms would only provide cover for the privileges of the bourgeoisie. Russia, where in spite of backwardness and disorder the ideal of the Christian brotherhood of men was still alive, was in a difficult position among those states who lived like wolves among themselves. Dostoevsky anticipated the theory of bourgeois encirclement, and some of his remarks in 1873 have a strange bearing on the situation of our days:

Nowadays new weapons are introduced every ten years . . . and in another fifteen years or so it will not be rifles, but some kind of lightning, a machine emitting an all-consuming electric jet. What if in fifteen years' time every great power will have secretly prepared such a surprise for all eventualities? Alas, we Russians can only copy weapons and purchase equipment from abroad. . . . In order to invent such machines we need an independent science of our own and not merely an imported one. And science should be free and firmly rooted in our soil.

Russia's Moral Superiority

Dostoevsky believed that Russia was faced by a world morally inferior to it while superior in technical and organisational achievements. This belief goes far to explain some extremes of Dostoevsky's nationalism, but it should not mislead us about his ultimate hopes and aspirations. Remember that all Dostoevsky's preaching was designed to capture the soul of the Russian radical intelligentsia, that same intelligentsia against whom he vituperated. He insisted to them that he was himself more liberal than the most radical liberals, and he claimed his full share of the inheritance of the west. We can well imagine his triumph had he known of the reception of his ideas by Roman Catholic thinkers of our days, such as Bernanos, Romano Guardini, or Henri de Lubac. How he would rejoice to see that the burning kiss which he had bestowed under the guise of scorn and abuse on the Grand Inquisitor was still glowing in the old man's heart!

Dostoevsky would have welcomed even more a discussion with the exponents of western progressive thought, if only he and they could have found a common language. But in his lifetime the smug and haughty west lowered an iron curtain through which the magic of Dostoevsky's word could not penetrate. It took the west half a century to appreciate his qualities as a novelist. How could he have expected that a day might come when his spiritual message would be given a hearing? And is there now more reason to believe that this day will come?—*Third Programme*

History Today (price 2s. 6d.)—a magazine maintaining a high standard of interest—contains in its December number the first of two instalments of a hitherto unpublished account by the late Lord Rosebery of Mr. Gladstone's last cabinet. Other articles include 'The Palace of Versailles', by Charles Maurice de Maupré; '1745: The Last Campaign on English Soil', by F. H. McGuffie; 'Turner After a Century', by Geoffrey Grigson; 'Papal Aggression, 1851' by T. Charles Edwards; and 'The Decline and Fall of Roman Britain', by C. E. Stevens.

The Reith Lectures

Power, and the Problem of its Control*

By LORD RADCLIFFE

THESE comes a time, after one has been thinking about the nature of power, when power seems to take on a life and character of its own. It separates itself from the men who use it or are used by it, and the study of its laws becomes an independent scientific enquiry. De Tocqueville taught his readers to see a tragic force at work in history, which drives men to build up the very institutions that are to make slaves of them. When I read M. de Jouvenel's recent remarkable study, *Du Pouvoir*, I find that he, too, speaks of power as if it were some terrible, remorseless god with laws that determine both the nature of his own being and the fate of men who fall into his hand. Not because men worship power itself. Some do; there is a dynamism in the mere exercise of power that, to one way of thinking, is its whole essence. On that view power justifies itself by being power. But the morbid pathology of human ambition is another study: what I am thinking of is power presented to us as something inherently greedy, jealous, and corrupting. History gives a rich enough background for this central figure.

Not a Thing in Itself

Yet power is not a thing in itself. Take away the abstract idea and there remains nothing but the conduct of men—human beings—who occupy in their turn the seats of authority. It does not seem to me that there is only one possible attitude towards authority or one inevitable set of rules that govern its exercise. Attitudes change with the social conditions which surround authority and, as we have seen, men in their turn exalt and denigrate power under the impulse of their general attitude towards life itself. You can see it your own way, so long as you know what that way is. It reminds me of an old saying: "Take what you want", said God, "take it, and pay for it".

We have seen, too, that men try to confine power within bounds—bounds drawn sometimes from religious ideas, sometimes from philosophical ideas. Sometimes bounds are imposed by actual conditions, not by ideas at all. But it is ideas rather than situations that I have been seeking to talk about. Ideas seem to me so much the more important. They have a life of their own, which does not depend on their being realised in practice, which is independent even of their being misapplied or perverted. They are therefore immortal or, rather, endlessly reborn.

One attitude is to be afraid of power. That is not a poor or cowardly attitude in face of the reckless use that men have made of their authority over other men. But if mistrust is the dominant note, then it may be best expressed by such constitutional devices as those of the American Constitution. Power is placed under restraint; it is deliberately parcelled out so that it cannot all be grasped in the same hand. A constitution, plainly, is not an elemental force. In itself it is a piece of parchment or, if you will, a contract between the living people who made it. It is effective to maintain its controls in the United States because generations of people who have belonged to those States have continued to believe that such controls are wise and desirable. There is there a respect for the Constitution and a general understanding of its import that mean a good deal. The men who made it did very deliberately intend to secure that the affairs of the Union should not be at the mercy of any easy doctrines about the will of the people; they were not dazzled by the moral claims of majorities to have their way. Yet under the shadow of this Constitution a vast immigration took place and a great democracy has grown up and—though America had much else to offer to those 'huddled masses yearning to breathe free' whose welcome is inscribed on the Statue of Liberty in New York harbour—the protection of its Constitution was one of the things that it had to give. So you may see in the United States a genuine belief in the virtue and sovereignty of what Mr. Henry Wallace has called 'the common man' side by side with a respected tradition that no man or group of men is virtuous enough to hold the privilege of power unchecked.

What, now, is the true attitude towards power in this country? For however widely one may range to catch an idea here or an aspect there, one comes home in the end to one's own affairs. We have not got any written constitution on which there can be, as it were, inscribed a

national point of view. That means that attitudes can change quicker—and can change, too, without it being easy to observe the alteration. Some things have gone so completely that their main use is to remind us how different their shape has been. The feudal system, privileged corporations, privileged classes, aristocratic influence; power as ruled by universal law, power as a duty in this world to be answered for in the next, power as the job of an agent under a contract. These ideas are part of history but they do not rule any more. On the other hand, we have not outgrown the tradition that there are citizen's rights standing between him and despotic power; certainly they exist, and exist by a very ancient tenure which brave men have had to vindicate in the past.

Those rights are said to have this peculiarity, that they have been, in the main, won in the courts of law; they have been upheld by judges as rights which exist by the immemorial custom of the country under the common law, and they have not been created therefore by any deliberate act of constitution-making. No doubt that could be said quite truly when it was said by Professor Dicey towards the end of the past century. But there are qualifications upon what he said that make it less important than it may seem. First, these great victories in the law courts were won against the power of the Crown—the executive—upon whom the common law, the ancient custom, always did impose limits. There was no English tradition that gave an arbitrary power to the king or his servants. But such victories could never be won against the force of anything sanctioned by an Act of Parliament, because that is final law in our courts and every judge must give effect to it. Now that the executive and the law-making power are to all intents and purposes the same, because both powers have fallen into the same hands—those of the ruling political party—these victories do not stand for the same kind of security as in the past. An Act of Parliament can reverse them at any moment. It always could, and I am not saying at all that any particular parliament or indeed any parliament is likely to be indifferent to maintaining these long-established traditions; but it is only sensible to see that with what is practically single-chamber government, and with executive and legislative combined, the security of what used to be called constitutional rights is a frail thing.

Secondly, many present rights that one can only call constitutional are the product of Acts of Parliament and nothing else—for instance, all the bundle of rights that depend on National Insurance. They seem, I suppose, just as much fundamental to our scheme of society as, say, freedom from arbitrary arrest or the right of free assembly, which are two rights always spoken of as constitutional, that originate in the common law. Yet rights given by parliament—just like rights originating in the common law—can be added to, altered, or taken away by parliament. Their title to be called fundamental is only a courtesy title. When I see our system praised as embodying the 'rule of law', I cannot help recalling Alexander Hamilton's saying: 'It is one thing to be subordinate to the laws and another to be dependent on the legislative body'.

The Rule of Law

What does the 'rule of law' mean? Any attempt to analyse it will show how elusive our ideas of power can turn out to be. 'Rule of law' may mean one thing in terms of international law and another thing at home. No doubt it means something different to an American from what it does to an Englishman, but Americans and British are both fond of using the phrase as descriptive of a common element in their civilisation. It cannot just mean a general readiness to abide by the law. I do not know that either country is outstanding in that respect, and anyway you could find as great a readiness in any country that had a strong and effective force of government. Professor Dicey, who is looked to as the classic exponent of what is involved in the modern idea of a rule of law, laid down that it had three features: the executive had no arbitrary powers over the individual, no powers that had not been sanctioned either by parliament or by the common law; every one is subject to the ordinary law of the realm and can have his rights

* The last of seven lectures on 'Power and the State'

determined in the ordinary courts; and, thirdly, the main principles of the constitution—such as the right of personal liberty or of public meeting—have been set up on the foundation of the old common law and not as things derived from any general constitutional theory. Of course, freedom from arbitrary arrest and the right to have your personal affairs decided by ordinary law and in the ordinary courts, even when the power of the state is on the other side, do represent very valuable curbs on executive power. But then Dicey goes on to say about 'administrative law': 'The notion which lies at the bottom of the "administrative law" known to foreign countries is that affairs or disputes in which the government or its servants are concerned are beyond the sphere of the civil courts, and must be dealt with by special and more or less official bodies. This idea is utterly unknown to the law of England and indeed is fundamentally inconsistent with our traditional customs'.

But if administrative law and the rule of law are fundamentally inconsistent things, we have certainly said goodbye to an essential element in the rule of law by now, because although we do not have Courts of High Commission or Star Chambers today, Parliament has for a good many years been creating all sorts of 'special and more or less official bodies', commissioners, arbitrators, referees, and what not, which are charged with deciding this or that question arising under the provisions of an Act of Parliament and which do in fact dispose of the affairs of individual citizens without their having a chance of ever reaching an ordinary court of law. I do not at all say that this is wrong—although, obviously, it can be abused—nor do I see how it could have been avoided under the sort of administration that modern society requires. Indeed, I can see a lot of truth in the view that a conflict between the individual and the public administration is different in kind from a conflict between one individual and another and may require a different approach. But that is beside what I am talking about. All that I have been saying leads me to think that under our system ideas and attitudes are unusually fluid—at any rate towards this sort of subject—and that great words such as constitutional rights, liberty, and the rule of law seem to change their meaning even while one looks at them.

Assuming a Special Covenant with Destiny

There is one remedy for all this vexation, though I do not myself recommend it. It is to assume that everything will somehow go all right with this country just because it is this country, which has always got along by ignoring what wise people have said or what other peoples have done. In fact it is to be a Walter Bagehot, and to assume that somehow there will always be a 'due succession of fit persons'—bald-headed men on the backs of omnibuses or whatever may be the current equivalent—to make sure that things are done in a 'heavy, sensible way'. But surely this is to assume a very special covenant with destiny. The British character is one of our great state institutions—perhaps the greatest—but it is an illusion to suppose that moderation and tolerance must always be among its conspicuous virtues. It is quite possible that they were the hall-mark of a particular class and of economic conditions that were, on the whole, continuously improving. There has been no lack of zealots and fanatics in the history of the British Isles, and the strain is not likely to die out with changing economic conditions, changing values, and with what is, I believe, a very general feeling that toleration is, after all, only a qualified form of virtue.

Perhaps I am wrong in thinking that that feeling spreads. Speaking of these abstractions I remember de Tocqueville's words at the outbreak of the French Revolution of 1848: 'We entrusted ourselves to the Future, an enlightened and impartial judge, if you please, but one who sits, alas! always too late'. But does liberty or freedom mean the same in 1951 as it meant, say, in the famous passage of John Stuart Mill that I quoted in my previous lecture? The only freedom which 'deserves the name is that of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not deprive others of theirs or impede their efforts to obtain it'. That is essentially an assertion that the individual has an absolute right to be left alone wherever his conduct does not interfere with a like liberty in others. Changing views in society will always make it uncertain what is the extent of that sphere in which a man's conduct does not injure others, but the force of Mill's argument lies in the belief that all moral progress—the whole development of the best in a man—depends on his being free to make his own independent choice. To coerce him, to require him to conform, even to lead him unless he was intellectually convinced that he ought to follow, was to do him wrong.

'Where not the person's own character', he says, 'but the traditions and customs of other people, are the rule of conduct, there is wanting one of the principal ingredients of human happiness and quite the chief ingredient of individual and social progress'. This austere doctrine of individual responsibility had in it much of our own history: the Puritan, with his insistence on man's direct relation with his God, the Dissenter, to whom state authority stood for galling oppression and interference, the merchant and industrialist, to whom in the past government had so often meant the same thing as obstruction. I do not know the final moral basis of Mill's liberty. There is deep in most men a feeling that virtue attained after temptation and struggle is of a higher order than virtue that comes without effort; that, as Francis Thompson said, 'the harvest waves richest over the battlefields of the soul'. Yet it does not seem right to value the way to the result more than the result itself; to prize, so to say, the athletic type of sainthood more than the natural, flowerlike quality that it sometimes shows.

Not the Highest Kind of Freedom

The truth is, I think, that Mill's idea of liberty represents one kind but not the only kind—nor necessarily the highest kind of freedom. When President Roosevelt spoke of 'the four freedoms' some years ago many people thought that he was offering a fine summary of the kind of liberties that a democratic people could cherish as the basis of their society. Yet one of these was styled 'freedom from want' and another 'freedom from fear'. Neither of them is freedom in the older sense—the right of an individual not to be interfered with by the power of society: on the contrary they are the reverse—they are claims of the individual to be dependent upon society. There is nothing in itself derogatory in the notion of dependence, the 'unbought grace of life'. There is dependence in the highest form of human relationships, as there is in the clinging of the parasite. But one may perhaps infer that liberty looked upon as the right to find and to try to realise the best that is in oneself is not something to which power is necessarily hostile: more, such liberty may even need the active intervention of authority to make it possible. It has been part of the cant of English life for so long to speak of power as an evil thing, an intoxicating thing, a corrupting thing. I call it cant because all experience shows that the British are singularly fitted to the exercise of power or authority, and by no means go mad or become ruthless tyrants when entrusted with great responsibilities. But give a dog a bad name and you give him a licence to behave badly.

There is a tradition of life in these islands that both ennobles and restrains authority. Only it lives in the spirit, and has no special form to express it. I can use a last word to explain what I mean if I take the names of three great writers of the nineteenth century, Ruskin, Carlyle, and Matthew Arnold. The world of their own day admired them and passed them by. Now, a hundred years later, it is easier to see how true their instinct was. None of the three was primarily a political writer; but each of them came to find himself defending the spiritual value of authority. Ruskin, starting from a study of aesthetics, found something intolerable in an economic and social system in which every man acknowledged no guide but that of his own wit and taste. But it was always possible to remember that he was, after all, an art critic and to treat his economics and his social philosophy as a little off his beat.

Windy Advice from Thomas Carlyle

Carlyle, too, was primarily a historian, and it must be said, *Heroes and Hero Worship and Past and Present* are heavy reading. The great, over-charged sentences come storming up and break in deluge on your head. One gets tired of being told of each hero in turn that he was a noble-hearted, sincere man who saw direct into the burning heart of things. One gets wistful at this sort of windy advice: 'Find in any country the Ablest Man that exists there; raise him to the supreme place and loyally reverence him: you have a perfect government for that country: no ballot box, parliamentary eloquence, voting, constitution building or other machinery whatever can improve it. It is the perfect State: the ideal country'.

Tell us something practical, one says. But when the storm and wind are over, the majesty of Carlyle—the secret of his influence—is this, that he does bring home that the best in us wants to be ruled by the best that others can reveal to us. That best is the real common wealth. For him a great man stands for great things and, as he says, it needs heroes to follow a hero. 'Liberty?' he says, 'The true liberty of a

man you would say consisted in his finding out, or being forced to find out the right path, and to walk thereon. To learn, or to be taught, that work he actually was able for; and then by permission, persuasion, and even compulsion, to set about doing of the same. That is his true blessedness, honour, liberty, and maximum of well being; if liberty be not that I for one have small care about liberty. . . . That I have been called by all newspapers a freeman will avail me little if my pilgrimage have ended in death and wreck. . . . Liberty requires new definitions'. It is a doctrine that can easily be abused but I do not know that Carlyle is saying anything of liberty that had not already been said by Plato and St. Paul."

I do not know how widely Matthew Arnold's *Culture and Anarchy* is read nowadays. It must be one of the most brilliant and, beside that, one of the most perceptive, books of the nineteenth century. Arnold reflected such different aspects of thought in *Culture and Anarchy* there is none of the sad uncertainties of his poetry, 'the unplumed, salt, estranging sea' and the 'ignorant armies' that 'clash by night'. Here he is up in arms. He had been stung by criticisms of himself as being too tepid and detached in the cause of human welfare because he had shown no enthusiasm for various Liberal Party measures of the hour: and he replies with the delicate and unputting precision of an artist who has been annoyed. His theme is simple. Acts of Parliament, like other actions, are not good just because they are vigorously advocated or because a lot of well-meaning people energetically desire them. Such things can be judged only by bringing to bear upon them the best that has been thought or said in the past about the nature and purpose of human life and testing them in the light that will thus play upon them.

This is not a plea for culture, it is a plea for the use of culture in the direction of public affairs. Culture is a word that makes some people in this country reach for their guns—like Marshal Goering; but I do not see how a country that is worth living in can get on without a reverence for its purpose. It is the only thing that can harmonise the individual interest, passions, and desires that tear a community apart. It is a bigger thing than tolerance, because it does not merely stand by but—like tolerance—it is, says Arnold, 'the eternal opponent of the two things which are the signal marks of Jacobinism—its fierceness and its addiction to an abstract system'. This is how he builds up his case: 'By our everyday selves, however, we are separate, personal, at war; we are only safe from one another's tyranny when no one has any power; and this safety in its turn cannot save us from anarchy'. Anarchy, to him, represents not only no power of government but no authority outside our own will and judgment. There is, he

says, 'a kind of philosophical theory widely spread among us to the effect that there is no such thing at all as a best self and a right reason having claim to paramount authority or, at any rate, no such thing ascertainable and capable of being made use of; and that there is nothing but an infinite number of ideas, works of our ordinary selves . . . which are doomed either to an irreconcilable conflict, or else to a perpetual give and take; and that wisdom consists in choosing the give and take rather than the conflict and in sticking to our choice with patience and good humour'.

This he calls a 'peculiarly British form of atheism', as indeed it is, for it denies the existence of any supreme value. And he finds a 'peculiarly British form of Quietism' in an alternative theory that everything ought to be, as it were, allowed its fling, in the hope that the common reason of society will prevent anything going altogether too far. This attitude, he says, shows a devout, but excessive, reliance on an overruling Providence.

Culture, to Arnold, does necessarily imply a standard of authority outside ourselves, for it is the standard of all wise and beautiful things. Yet there is a self in us that draws to that standard and is ruled by it, and this best self we share with others. 'We want an authority', he says, 'and we find nothing but jealous classes, checks, and a deadlock; culture suggests the idea of the State. We find no basis for a firm State-power in our ordinary selves; culture suggests one to us in our best self'. The State is an organ of our collective best self or our national right reason; and he quotes, to be as it were the motto of all authority and all power, the words of Bishop Wilson: 'Firstly, never go against the best light you have; secondly, take care that your light be not darkness'.

And there I leave it, for I know no better guide. Take care that your light be not darkness. Think it possible, as Cromwell said, that you be mistaken. That is the humane man's warning to all zealotry, all fanaticism. But after the warning, power, authority, dominion are still with us, they correspond to something that belongs to a man's inmost self, and men do themselves no service by thinking or speaking of them as evil things. Power is good or evil according to the vision that it serves: not the vision of governors alone, nor the vision of governed alone, but a vision that is somehow common to them both, though not discerned with equal range of sight. And vision, as I see it, is not the right to dream or the gift of prophecy but, more humbly, the best light that we have.—*Home Service*

[These lectures will be published by Secker and Warburg early in the spring under the title of *The Problem of Power*]

Criss-cross Politics in the Sudan

By ROBERT STIMSON, B.B.C. Special Correspondent

WHAT do the Sudanese think about the Egyptian Government's claim that the Condominium has now come to an end? The great majority of Sudanese in the countryside have no understanding of the issues involved. They are concerned only with their crops and their herds. Broadly, it is only in the few towns, particularly Omdurman and Khartoum, that political and international matters are discussed. This relatively tiny group of vocal Sudanese is criss-crossed by the most intricate and shifting pattern of party politics that I have ever encountered. But there are a few sharp outlines. Most of this town group are sincere nationalists who want independence from foreign control. For that reason their first reaction to the Egyptian claim that the Condominium had ended was one of jubilation. As they saw it, one partner in the Condominium had gone—this would hasten the departure of the other, and the Sudan would be free.

Then they analysed the Egyptian claim more closely, and the educated Sudanese, except for an insignificant minority that has always echoed Cairo's wishes, realised what Egypt meant. They read with consternation Egypt's proposed constitution for the Sudan, a constitution that would make the country subservient to Cairo in matters of defence, foreign affairs, currency and the dismissal of Ministers.

There was an immediate stiffening, a determination not to submit to Egyptian domination. The nationalist Sudanese were in agreement on that, and they still are, but there the agreement ends, for they are fundamentally split over another issue, a religious issue. Soon after the Mahdi's death, his son was born, and that son is living now. He is in

his late sixties, and his name is Sir Sayed Abdel Rahman Pasha. His followers hope that one day he will be crowned King of an independent Sudan, and his followers are organised politically in what is known as the Umma Party. They want an independent Sudan with no link with Egypt whatever. That is one nationalist group.

The other nationalist group, which calls itself the National Front, does not recognise the spiritual leadership of Sir Sayed Abdel Rahman Pasha. This group believes that his father was not the true Mahdi, the true forerunner of the Messiah. The National Front is therefore vehemently opposed to any suggestion that Sir Sayed Abdel Rahman Pasha should be King of the Sudan. It would prefer a link with the Egyptian crown, but it would have to be a link between two equal partners. Until the Sudan is independent the National Front wants the United Nations to be responsible for the administration. That is the second established nationalist group.

Then there is a third force, which has not yet crystallised politically but may prove to be significant. It is made up of country representatives of the north and south and a number of town Sudanese who are impatient with the sectarian feud. These elements are hoping to organise a new party that would seek a socialist republic, perhaps within the British Commonwealth. These three groups, then, are jockeying for power. Beneath their differences they have this in common, a desire to be free from all foreign control, though not all of them wish necessarily to be without British help and advice, at least for some years.

—From a talk in the General Overseas Service

NEWS DIARY

December 12-18

Wednesday, December 12

Mr. Vyshinsky reviews differences between Western Powers and Soviet Union on disarmament plans

Both sides in Korean armistice sub-committee make new proposals

Latest return shows record monthly figure for British exports

Thursday, December 13

Egyptian Government recalls its ambassador from London

President Truman makes statement about alleged corruption in collecting American taxes

French National Assembly approves Bill ratifying Schuman Plan

Friday, December 14

Western Powers present revised disarmament proposals to U.N. Political Committee

General Eisenhower gives his views on federation of western Europe

Egyptian Ambassador sees Mr. Eden

Saturday, December 15

Government to meet first of annual payments on American and Canadian loans

Bank of England states that foreign exchange market is to reopen in London

United Nations delegates reject latest communist armistice proposals

Sunday, December 16

British Note to Egypt protests about recent incidents in Ismailia

Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden leave for Paris

Mr. Lyttelton returns to Malaya after visit to Hongkong

Monday, December 17

Anglo-French conversations open in Hôtel Matignon

London exchange market reopens after twelve years

General Erskine, G.O.C. British Troops in Egypt, warns of dangerous situation in Suez Canal zone

Tuesday, December 18

Delegations at armistice meeting in Korea exchange lists of prisoners

Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden see General Eisenhower

Mr. Vyshinsky criticises Western Powers' disarmament proposals



Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Anthony Eden visited Paris earlier this week for discussions with the French Prime Minister, M. Plevin, and the French Foreign Minister, M. Schuman. This photograph was taken when they dined with M. Plevin (second from left) on Monday evening at the Hôtel Matignon; M. Schuman is on the extreme right. According to a *communiqué* published on Tuesday evening complete agreement was reached on all problems of the present international situation



Twenty of the twenty-four Royal Marine cadets who lost their lives in the road accident outside Chatham Royal Naval Barracks on December 4 were buried on December 12 with civic and military honours. The photograph shows the coffins with a Royal Marine Guard before the altar of Rochester Cathedral, where the funeral service was held. The congregation of 2,000 included more than 200 relatives of the dead boys



The Earl of Perth, Deputy Leader of the Liberals in the House of Lords, who died on December 16 at the age of seventy-five. As Sir Eric Drummond he was the first Secretary-General of the League of Nations from 1919 to 1933. For the six years following he was British Ambassador to Italy



At a Congregation at Bristol University on December 17, honorary degrees on nine distinguished men. Left to right: Mr. A. E. Russell; Admiral Sir Philip Vian; Mr. Churchill; General Sir Stafford Cripps



demolished to make way for the new road built by Royal Engineers the water filter plant outside Suez. The Egyptian Government to co-operate in the allocation of compensation as the houses 'were destroyed by force against the instruction of the Egyptian Government'



A United Nations chaplain (a former missionary in Korea) addressing North Korean and Chinese prisoners-of-war in a camp in South Korea. On December 18, the United Nations and Communist armistice delegations exchanged lists of prisoners. The United Nations list contains over 130,000 names; the Communist, about 11,000 names. Brigadier-General Nuckols, of the United Nations Command, said afterwards that the Communist list had not yet been verified, and that there were probably errors and omissions



ring team ringing carols outside the old Paper Mill
Standon, near Ware, Hertfordshire. The bells have
belonged to the village since 1870



14. Mr. Winston Churchill, as Chancellor, conferred the degrees upon the recipients of the degrees after the following names: Hugh Williams; Lord Camrose; Mr. Chuter Ede; Lord Ismay; Sir Charles Lillicrap; Sir Philip Morris. This degree in *absentia*.



One of the two Christmas trees which H.M. the King has given to St. Paul's Cathedral. The other tree is on the steps outside the cathedral



'Father Christmas' being welcomed by German children as he arrived at Bad Harzburg last week by mountain railway bringing gifts of sweets and cakes. The three Western Commandants in Berlin have given a Christmas present of £17,000 to help poor children and old people in the city

Party Political Broadcast

Labour's Criticisms of the Present Government

By the Rt. Hon. HUGH DALTON, M.P.

WE'VE now had two months of tory government. It's the first time for twelve years that we've had a tory government, and there are a great many people for whom it's something new, including some of the new ministers themselves. When tory ministers were last in office—apart from the short spell of the 'caretaker' government—it was in the Coalition days, when the whole nation was united on the single purpose of winning the war. I was in that government, too, and none of us would pretend that we had an easy time. But it was a very different thing from party government in peacetime. In the post-war years that was bound to be even harder in some ways.

In the Labour Party we knew that, when we took over in 1945, and if we hadn't known it we'd soon have had it burned into us, by all the problems that came crowding in. Millions of ordinary British men and women, including many of you who are listening to me tonight, realised from the start that, if Britain was to survive after the war, just to survive, she would need all the skill, all the effort, and all the patience of her sons and daughters. And for six years the Labour Government was sustained by the knowledge that so many people did understand what had to be done simply to get through, after the long strain and the high cost, in blood and wealth, of Hitler's war.

The people who didn't want to understand and often didn't even try, were some of our tory opponents. They were content to look for grievances, or to try to create them, in the hope of getting votes. They did win the last election, with the help of a bit of luck. We got more votes but they got more seats, and we've been watching with interest to see what they would do about all the promises they'd made and all the hopes they'd aroused during the election campaign. You'll notice I say 'promises and hopes'. I want to be fair to the tories. Their leaders didn't promise half as much as you may have thought. They worded their speeches very cleverly. Lord Woolton has already explained to the House of Lords that he didn't promise you more red meat. He's perfectly right. I've got the exact words of his broadcast here. He said: 'I believe that one of the best things we could do to make us feel like working a lot harder would be to give us more red meat to eat'. 'But that', said Lord Woolton, 'is by the way'. It was indeed 'by the way'. He'd made you think what he wanted you to think, and he passed on before you had time to think too carefully about the exact words he had used. And now you know you're not going to get more 'red meat'.

Lord Woolton also said in his broadcast: 'Before the war we built 350,000 houses a year—more than 1,000 houses every working day. If the Government were to ask the building trades, as a piece of national service, to build 1,000 houses or flats a day, have you any doubt whether they could do it? I have not any'. That's what Lord Woolton said. 300,000 houses a year. We often heard about that at the election. Lord Woolton stepped it up to 350,000. But now Mr. Macmillan tells us he can't promise 300,000 next year, or the year after, or the year after that. And, of the houses to be built, more will be for sale to those who can afford to buy, and fewer to let to those whose housing need is far greater. As I sat in the House of Commons

when Mr. Macmillan was confessing—yes, he was confessing—that there just aren't the bricks, or the cement, or the timber, or the bricklayers, to build those 300,000 houses a year—my mind went back to that tory poster, with its tempting picture of a lovely little house, and underneath the words: 'Turn hopes into homes'. What Mr. Macmillan was in fact confessing was that they really meant—'Turn hopes into votes'.

Well, then there's the cost of living. The tories came nearer to making real promises there. I have been looking again at Miss Hornsby-Smith's broadcast, and this is what she said: 'Conservatives insist that we must stop the fall in the value of money and the rise in prices'. I don't know how much Miss Hornsby-Smith has been insisting since she became a minister, but I know and you know that the rise in prices hasn't stopped. Food, fuel, fares, freights—all going up! And with them tory promises going up in flames! Rents of council houses haven't gone up yet. But the tories have put up the rate of interest at which local authorities can borrow to build houses. That will put up rents by several shillings a week; unless, of course, they increase the housing subsidy. But that would mean increasing government spending, and that would be another broken promise. This is the kind of mess that people get themselves into by promising everything to everybody in a mad scramble for votes at any price.

Then there are some other things that we are bothered about, too. The Labour Government gave a Christmas bonus every year from 1945 to 1950. We did it not only because Christmas is a season of good cheer; but many people take meals in canteens when they are at work, and at Christmas the canteens are shut. Maurice Webb, our Minister of Food, had arranged for a meat ration of 1s. 7d. and bonuses of 1 lb. of sugar, two ounces of fats, four ounces of tea for the old people, and 1 lb. of sweets for the children. But the tories have stopped all that.

Then there's education. In their manifesto the tories promised to provide better services for the money now being spent on education. I'm sorry the new Minister of Education isn't in the Cabinet—that's a bad sign. The first thing she did was to order economies at the expense of the children. She told local authorities to cut the cost of school transport, and games and physical training. She hinted that this was only a beginning. There's an ugly rumour going round that the tories are going to chop one year off the children's school life, either at the beginning or the end. I hope that's not true. If it is, there'll be a tremendous row about it.

I must say one thing more on this before I leave it. Making promises you know you'll have to break, arousing hopes you know you can't fulfil, that's bad for democracy. It's the sort of thing which makes people lose faith. Not everybody liked all the Labour Government did. But at least we kept our word, and carried out the programme on which we won the 1945 election. And the result is a better and a healthier Britain, with higher production, and less unemployment, and less poverty and more economic and social equality than we've ever had before. And that is something to be proud of.

Well now, let's look abroad for a moment. During the recess Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden are going to have important talks in Paris and

Washington. We must all hope that these talks will lead to better understanding and make peace more secure. But there are some very dangerous questions knocking about on which the Government haven't shown their hand yet: the question of German rearmament, for instance, on which the Government refused a debate before Parliament broke up. The Labour Government were very cautious in their approach to German rearmament. Ernest Bevin was unwilling to contemplate it at all, under any conditions, and he said so publicly. He thought Germans were more dangerous than Russians. Finally, under pressure, he agreed in September last year to the principle of a German contribution to western defence. But he made it clear that the timing and the form and the amount of this contribution should be left open, without commitment, for further discussion. And last February, Mr. Attlee, in the House of Commons, laid down four conditions for German rearmament. First, it was obvious, he said, that the rearmament of the countries of the Atlantic Treaty—ourselves, and France, and the rest—must precede that of Germany; second, the building up of forces in the democratic states must precede the creation of German forces; third, the arrangements must be such that German units were integrated in the defence forces in such a way as to prevent the re-emergence of a German military menace; and fourth, of course, there must be agreement with the Germans themselves.

These conditions, Mr. Attlee said, would need a lot of working out. They have not been worked out yet. But we should stick to them. Mr. Attlee added that 'if we can get real and genuine settlement with Soviet Russia the matter of German rearmament would become less important and fall into its natural place'. We must stick to that, too. We mustn't give up hope, in spite of all discouragements, that the rulers of Russia may yet come to see that a settlement acceptable to us is also in their interest.

There has been discussion lately for a European Army, in which armed Germans might be included. This is an important and interesting idea; it should be thoroughly studied, both in its military and its political aspects. German rearmament might seem least dangerous in such a framework. But would this framework hold? Would not Germany soon burst it asunder as her strength grew, or dominate it and use it for her own ends? Against the background of modern European history, and remembering what happened in two world wars, both started by the Germans, these are grim doubts indeed.

Germans make no concealment of their aims in eastern Europe. They are out to regain wide territories, now Polish, Czech, and Russian. Could that come about without war? A strong armed Germany might form an eager spearhead in an anti-Russian combination. Or she might seek to ally herself with Russia, as in 1939, across the body of Poland partitioned for the fifth time, against us and against the west. So, either way, German rearmament might prove to be an irrevocable stage along the road to hell on earth. I hope most earnestly that Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden in these coming talks won't give any undertakings which might commit us all to travel that road.

It is vital that in all international discussions now Britain should be prepared to take her own line and state it clearly. As Lloyd George said

once, in a famous phrase: 'Britain must not be treated as of no account in the Council of the Nations'. Our American friends are plain speakers, and we must be prepared to speak plainly to them and to our friends in Europe, too. After all, we have an interest and an influence that is still world wide: not only as a member of the North Atlantic community with our ties in the New World, not only in Europe, where, with our friends, we have so many con-

tacts, so many memories, but most important of all, as a leading member of the British Commonwealth.

I hope the Tories won't forget that, since they were last in office, three new members have been raised to full status. Mr. Attlee's great act of statesmanship, which gave India, Pakistan, and Ceylon their freedom, has much increased the power and influence of the Commonwealth in the Far East. We are still a great moral and

material force in the world. We mustn't underestimate ourselves, nor enter into any subservient relationship with anyone. We must arm jointly with our friends, in order to deter those who may not be quite so friendly. But we must never allow ourselves to be swept along on a current of emotion which makes a third world war seem inevitable. We must never despair of new negotiations. In the hard struggle for peace we must never give in.—Home Service

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Mr. Butler and the Trade Crisis

Sir,—May I point out to your correspondent, Mr. N. D. P. Wingfield, that I refrained from mentioning rearmament in my talk on 'Mr. Butler and the Trade Crisis' (THE LISTENER, December 6) for the very good reason that the increased defence expenditure has as yet contributed little or nothing towards the present crisis. I discussed factors that had been operating during the past year and not factors (such as increased defence expenditure) that might operate during the coming year. The deterioration in Britain's balance of payments was already noticeable last March. But contracts for rearmament were only placed in quantity between July and September. Even though £1,000,000,000 of such contracts were placed during this period, this extra money will not percolate through the economic system until at least six or nine months later. Contracts cannot generate extra income until people are, in fact, employed on them and are being paid for the work. If people have merely switched their jobs so that they are now being paid to produce radar sets instead of television sets, the increased defence expenditure might not add to income at all.

This conclusion, that rearmament is as yet in no way responsible for our present crisis, was also arrived at by the experts of the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation in their recent report, 'The Fight against Inflation'.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

RONALD BRECH

Yugoslavia

Sir,—I am sorry that absence abroad has made me so late in replying to Mr. Brailsford's letter in THE LISTENER of November 22.

Mr. Brailsford has the advantage of me in being able to remember the country as it was in 1903, and I am sure he genuinely believes all he says about its condition today; but his letter reads like a government pamphlet and is precisely the kind of thing that arouses such bitterness and wrath among the people who have to live in Yugoslavia.

He mentions 'the folly of some of the tactics used by the Government against well-to-do individualistic farmers' and says 'these mistakes were, however, frankly recognised and corrected more than a year ago'. The farmers would be surprised to hear that. Or does Mr. Brailsford not include the confiscation of produce, the withholding of necessary coupons for goods, the ever-present threat of gaol and physical violence or of forced merging in a collective farm, under the heading of 'foolish tactics'?

I do not forget (though I deplore the terminology) that 'Tito's Partisans had to overcome not only the Nazis but a savage organisation of native Fascists'. Mr. Brailsford forgets, or prefers not to recognise, that the Partisans were every bit as savage and that for years they have been ruling a country supposedly at peace with

the ruthlessness of people at war. One might have supposed that those hideous war experiences would have awakened in them a desire for reconciliation, an impulse to cherish other Yugoslavs, rather than to bully and oppress them: it has not been so.

I do not 'roundly condemn' co-operative farms as such, or the industrialisation policy, or any economic arrangement as such. I do say that even if they had been successful, as up to now they largely have not, they would not have been worth the price in human suffering which has been and is being paid.

May I finally answer another correspondent who mistook my reference to a Union Jack on a car used on one occasion as meaning that I had been driving about in Embassy cars? The British Embassy in Belgrade would doubtless like me to point out that I never drove in any of its cars nor had any contact with it at all, except that an official there kindly allowed me to read translations from the Yugoslav newspapers.—Yours, etc.,

Bexhill on Sea

HONOR TRACY

Sir,—I am a great admirer of Seán O'Faoláin but, like Father William, he has some queer ways of dissembling his love and I am glad I had a firm grip on the banisters. He has not got me down this time.

It is because Miss Tracy is such a brilliant and persuasive broadcaster that I thought her misinterpretation dangerous. Mr. Brailsford has dealt with her facts; I criticised the unfair way in which she presented them.

Seán O'Faoláin is not a pacifist. He does not reject war because of its blood and tears, so he must get a stronger argument against revolution than its cruelty. However, I no more than he am a revolutionary. I did not condone cruelty. In Yugoslavia I complained that it had been wrongly diagnosed. In part, of course, it derives from the arrogance and inelasticity of the theorist (a very different person from the idealist), but still more is it the legacy of an ordeal of invasion and civil war (provoked by the invaders) such as few modern nations have had to endure.

Mr. O'Faoláin's Irish analogy was unfortunate. When, in our miniature revolution thirty years ago, we had burnings and shootings and kidnappings (I had, like many others, family experience of house-burning), Mr. O'Faoláin was among the starry-eyed ones, who hoped for the best. Yet it would never have occurred to me to call him 'a cold-blooded, callous type'.

Yours, etc.,

Kilkenny

HUBERT BUTLER

Portrait of C. P. Scott

Sir,—In her interesting talk on her grandfather, C. P. Scott, Mrs. Ryan comments upon the fact that although Scott took pains to obtain the services of men of great talent for *The Manchester Guardian*, nevertheless, if they

wanted to leave the paper . . . he made no attempt to persuade them to stay—and this sometimes made them feel hurt or undervalued. Your editorial comment hints at the same trait. But that Scott could himself recognise this as a failing, and that he could most generously acknowledge it when he had, is proved by a letter in my possession which he wrote to my father, the late Herbert Sidebotham, who left the *Guardian* in 1918, to go as a leader writer to *The Times*, then owned by Northcliffe.

The letter is dated July 10, 1929, and is an answer to one my father wrote to him on the announcement of his retirement from the editorship of *The Manchester Guardian*. After most warmly commending the work my father had done for the paper, Scott goes on to say, 'May I say, even at this late day, that the greatest fault I am conscious of ever having committed in the conduct of the paper was in not holding on to you by main force when the critical time came. But, of course, you have since won a personal distinction hardly open to the anonymous writer in a newspaper'.

Even at that late date, however, it does not seem to have occurred to Scott that financial considerations might have influenced the decision of a man with a growing family! In fact, my father had not wanted to leave the paper and 'C.P.', and perhaps had been a little hurt by the firmness with which he had been refused the tiny increase of salary which he had suggested to Scott as an alternative to accepting *The Times* offer, which amounted to more than a doubling of the salary which *The Manchester Guardian* was paying him.—Yours, etc.,

Ewell

MARGARET WELLS

The Individual and the State

Sir,—In his valuable lecture on 'The Individual and the State' Lord Radcliffe was able to deal only very briefly with the Utilitarians, but I thought he gave a misleading impression of their views on the problem.

The principles he enumerated (THE LISTENER December 13) were at the root of their *laissez faire* economic theory, and not of their political and social philosophy in general. Only in economics was the State the villain of the piece (and even there with important qualifications). In Bentham's system as a whole, it is by no means true that 'the State's authority was to be suspect and looked down upon'.

Indeed, except in matters of industry and commerce, positive State action is fundamental in Bentham and his followers. What distinguishes Utilitarianism as an ethical and social theory is, that ethics and legislation, i.e., State action, are two aspects of the same problem, each meaningless without the other. Far from 'rejecting the State's authority', Bentham stated in his most important work that 'the business of government is to promote the happiness of society by punishing and rewarding'. Only the 'solicitous and attentive government' does

properly its job of moulding men's characters by its laws.

'Moulding men's characters'—that is the point. Lord Radcliffe omitted the basic Benthamite postulate that human character is shaped by circumstances, the chief of these being the form of government. This postulate is needed for appreciation of the principles mentioned by Lord Radcliffe. 'One man is as good as another'—of course, if all are equally malleable by training and education. 'Every man is the best judge of what is best for himself': so far as men are sufficiently enlightened (and all normal men could be, according to Bentham and Mill), this is true. And like Adam Smith, the Utilitarians did not hesitate to say that, if necessary, the State's duty is to teach men to know their own interests.

Thus in Utilitarianism, and especially for Bentham, the relationship between the individual and the State is that between pupil and teacher, with hardly any limit to what could be done in 'maximising' happiness. As regards both sides this is a very optimistic view and possibly crude and superficial, but certainly not the merely negative one suggested by Lord Radcliffe.

Yours, etc.,

Luton

D. GERAINT EVANS

The Process of Evolution

Sir,—Eminent scientists often develop the mysterious habit of contradicting in their after-thoughts what they have tried to prove in their monumental previous work. Marx, who reasoned most convincingly that every system breeds the germs of its own destruction, made an exception in the case of his own preferred system, socialism. Arnold Toynbee, after showing how every civilisation disintegrates when it reaches the stage of a universal state, and how every civilisation has as yet reached that fateful stage, comes to the conclusion that western civilisation, which happens to be his own, seems to be the one exception. And now Julian Huxley, after showing us in a superb series of lectures how nature improves its forms of life by an unending process of splitting, division, adaptive radiation, deployment, discontinuity, divergence, comes forth in his final argument with the extraordinary idea—extraordinary because it comes from him—that in the case of the human species, which also happens to be his own, it operates differently. Here progress is achieved not in the orthodox way by separation, division, or divergence, but by the method of creating variety-in-unity, fusing, convergence.

By coming to this conclusion he illustrates his own contention that 'the human sciences today are somewhat in the position occupied by the biological sciences in the early 1800s'. For whatever he discovered as a biologist, he throws overboard as a human scientist in which capacity he simply rationalises the unitarian prejudices of our time. If his thoroughly convincing analysis of the evolutionary process is correct, the cause of human misery must obviously lie in man's effort to violate the design of nature by making an exception of himself. If deployment and differentiation constitute nature's way of advancing and of utilizing in an increasingly efficient manner environment, why should man's progress be accomplished by exactly the opposite method of integration, 'co-operation of integrated individual personalities', or the idea of participation in common tasks?

All history shows that man is no exception, that human history and human destiny are indeed part of a larger process, as Mr. Huxley himself asserts, and not an exception, as he tries simultaneously to prove. For man, too, just as the groundfinches of the Galapagos Islands, has differentiated in order to progress and to enhance his possibilities. That is why, instead of

remaining an ever-growing and increasingly integrated entity, he split into races and nationalities, and emphasised his division by developing in addition different cultures and languages, each of which was necessary if all the available material and intellectual resources were to be utilised.

If all men had become Americans, the supportable human population would be very much smaller, and much of life's beauty would have gone unenjoyed. For which American would want to live on an ice cap or in the magnificence of the barren altitudes of Central Asia? By branching off into Eskimos and Tibetans it was not only possible for more men to live; the new varieties increased the pleasures of the old. And what loss human culture would have suffered if we would all have spoken only one language and would always have understood each other. No Shakespeare would have been necessary to follow a Sophocles, and no Milton a Homer. All evidence thus indicates that what Mr. Huxley has said of life in general applies also to the life of the human species in particular. Whenever a swelling, growth, or unification process sets in, it is, as in pregnancy, not of further integration and self-fulfilment, but of division, not of age, but of youth.

It is precisely because we fail—as does Mr. Huxley in his capacity as a human scientist—to apply to our political problems the discoveries which Mr. Huxley made in his capacity as a biologist, that we are unable to lead mankind from its present impasse. By our desperate attempts of unifying the human race in the interest of a mistaken destiny we produce all the agonies of which our time suffers. We have not too little but too much unity, and our age is ripe not for further unification but for division. All other forms of life, as Mr. Huxley has so excellently demonstrated, advance through division, and so does man who is terrorised these days not by the surviving small nations but by the monstrous integration policies of the few large ones.

But this policy of unification is a return to the most primitive state. That is why so many of our eminent artists, delighting in the uninspired simple forms and the simple undivided shapes of primeval existence, call themselves so appropriately by the same name which we give our crude ancestors, the primitives.

Yours, etc.,

LEOPOLD KOHR

Assistant Professor of Economics
Rutgers University, New Jersey

The Achievement of Avicenna

Sir,—May I remind readers who, like myself, cannot study Avicenna's writings in Latin or Arabic, of Santayana's two *Dialogues in Limbo* with this great thinker? The second of these, 'The Secret of Aristotle', is of particular interest. It suggests, imaginatively, how Avicenna might have interpreted Aristotle's famous four principles (or causes) of change in Nature. That this doctrine happens to coincide with that of Santayana in his book *The Realm of Matter* detracts by no means from its interest. In both dialogues Santayana gives a vivid idea of Avicenna's scholarly and eager character, which is ill-adapted to the passionless state of Limbo. *Dialogues in Limbo* was published by Constable in 1925.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

K. C. HARE

'The Trail of an Artist-Naturalist'

Sir,—In the review of Ernest Thompson Seton's autobiography (THE LISTENER, November 29), your reviewer says that this celebrated naturalist-author is an old man of ninety-two. I have pasted inside a copy of his *Wild Animals*

I Have Known a newspaper cutting dated October 24, 1946, which states that 'Ernest Thompson Seton, author of animal stories and painter, who was born at South Shields, died yesterday, aged eighty-six, in Santa Fé, New Mexico'.

Yours, etc.,

ARTHUR BOOTH

[We regret this mistake—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Silhouettes

Sir,—David Piper implies that the word silhouette originated in the fact that the dismissed Controller-General, Etienne de Silhouette, decorated his house with designs cut out of paper. A. Huby, in his *XVII^e et XVIII^e Siècles*, says, "He passed for an eagle", Voltaire wrote, "the eagle has changed into a gosling". Of his adventure, only a name remains—that of *silhouette*, given to drawings where the contours alone are traced and the interior is empty: a symbol of the emptiness of his conceptions'—at any rate a more amusing explanation.

Yours, etc.,

Birmingham

D. J. ENRIGHT

Oscar Wilde

Sir,—Mr. Hesketh Pearson and Mr. Leslie Stokes are in error in referring to the late Lord Carson as an Ulsterman. Carson was born in Dublin where his father was a civil engineer; his mother came from Co. Galway.—Yours, etc.,

Dublin

P. WALDRON

'B.B.C. Children's Hour Annual'

Sir,—Your reviewer's kind comments on the *B.B.C. Children's Hour Annual* in THE LISTENER of December 6 are greatly appreciated. But may I correct an erroneous impression which I consider this review gives the reader?

The contents were, with the exception of 'Going to the Fair' from 'Toytown' by S. G. Hulme Beaman, all new and original work. They were especially commissioned and written for the *Annual* by contributors and authors whose stories or features have been the most popular during the year and were selected from the recommendations of the Children's Hour organisers from each Region. They were not, as stated by your reviewer, 'a selection of recently broadcast material'. We naturally share your reviewer's opinion of the quality of the work.

Yours, etc.,

London, E.C.4

HAROLD K. STARKE

General Manager, Burke Publishing Co. Ltd.

Shrubs for the Garden

Sir,—There are rock gardens and rock gardens; that at St. John's College in Oxford supports, though a little uneasily, several specimens twenty-feet high or more of the Etnean broom. There are also, as Mr. Hulton says, maples and maples, though I have yet to find one which will keep within the limits he suggests. Even *Acer orientale* (*creticum*), which is so slow-growing that I have seen it recommended for the Alpine house, becomes a considerable tree at last.

But listeners with gardens of modest dimensions will find in a monograph prepared for the Alpine Gardens Society by the late Fred Stoker, F.L.S., or indeed in any good catalogue of Alpines, such a choice of beautiful small shrubs that there is no need to worry about those that may outgrow their stations.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

L. G. M. GLOVER

The Discovery of L. S. Lowry, with a critical and biographical essay by Maurice Collis (Reid and Lefevre, distributed by Lund Humphries, price 25s.) contains four full-page colour plates and twenty monochrome plates characteristic of the artist's work.

Turkey and West European Law

By C. J. HAMSON

DURING the vacation I received the first volume of a publication bearing the somewhat formidable title *Annales de la Faculté de Droit d'Istanbul* (1951)*. I found it fascinating, for this reason principally, that it treats of a general, urgent, and very important matter, one whose scope extends far beyond Turkey and indeed embraces not only the Asiatic but the African and the South American world—namely the real effect of the reception of west European principles into a non-European society.

Profound National Consciousness

Turkey is the best place, or at any rate a very good place, to select for a study of that matter, because in Turkey there is no doubt of the existence of the effective tensions which give the situation its interest and importance. No sensible person will deny that the Turkish people possess, and perhaps are possessed by, a settled and profound national consciousness entirely their own: indeed, to the foreigner some of the manifestations of that nationalism may seem excessive. But it is equally clear, what in many other cases is much more dubious, that Turkey has truly and seriously determined to accept western principles not as an adventitious ornament but as part and parcel, so far as they can be received, of its own way of living. In very many countries the apparent westernisation is fictitious. There is evidence that that is not so in Turkey. The merely fictitious acceptance of western principles is so usual that many persons were positively startled that in Turkey not only had a democratic constitution been proclaimed—that, alas, can all too frequently be paralleled—but an established government with a large majority, in a country having a long tradition of autocratic rule, actually was ousted as the result merely of the holding of a general election, which is an event practically without parallel.

There is evidence, also, of Turkey's serious association with the west in the effort she is making in Korea, an effort proportionately greater than that of any other nation, except perhaps the United States. But most illuminating is Turkey's present attitude to the Soviet Union, her immediate neighbour, with whom, it is well to remember, she had the closest ties of friendship between the two wars, when the Soviet Union did not appear to be animated, as now, by a simple predatory imperialism. It is rare that Turkey has made serious mistakes in her international policy, which has been highly realistic: her gravest mistake, her alliance with Germany in 1914, was in some measure forced upon her by our own negligence in permitting the escape of the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* into the sea of Marmora.

It is one of the most heartening events since the war that Turkey, situated at the danger spot, should unequivocally have decided to throw in her lot with western Europe. The decision is due no doubt in part to her desire to survive as a nation; but it also evidences her attachment to the things of the west. It certainly evidences her judgment, which I find most encouraging, that the west affords her the best chance of survival and that resistance to the Soviet Union can be and will be successful; for otherwise, before now, instead of suffering the strain of a mobilisation which has endured for twelve years, she would have made her peace with that Union on the best available terms. It seems to me clear that the Turkish people, in a troubled and most difficult world, are seriously and soberly endeavouring to survive not merely as a nation, but as a nation in which eastern and western notions are combined and fused. That is an undertaking which deserves all our sympathy, and our most careful attention.

I get the same sense that we are dealing with a serious and sober undertaking, with something real, from the manner in which the Dean of the Istanbul Faculty, Dr. Kubali, and his colleagues apply themselves to their task. In countries whose westernisation is mainly fictitious, the intelligentsia—that is a nasty word but it appropriately describes a nasty thing—the intelligentsia is all too willing to proclaim itself as wholly westernised and to represent as purely western the environment in which it moves. The alley-way of some dismal village is offered to us as the fair replica of the Champs Elysées themselves. In writings on the law, we would, by such, be treated to speculations on legal

philosophy in which the familiar concepts would appear unfamiliar by reason only of the extreme aridity and pretentiousness of their exposition. In these *Annales*, on the contrary, Dr. Kubali's preface immediately directs our attention to the heart of the matter, in a way which does credit as much to his acumen as to his intellectual integrity. I translate from the French in which he writes:

It is therefore of special importance to ascertain the measure in which this superstructure of positive law received from Europe has been able to adapt itself to the national substructure which, despite its profound modifications, exhibits all the marks of an inevitable historical continuity. The respective efficacy of these two masses, their influence upon each other, the probable value of the fusion which sooner or later must take place between these differing elements of civilisation in the crucible of the national consciousness, these are the matters which excite our curiosity.

Yes, indeed, and these are the matters which in fact are discussed, as promised in the preface, 'with all that objectivity which honest science requires'. I hope it will not be thought impertinent if I say that it is to me remarkable that the questions are formulated as Dr. Kubali has formulated them, and that they are treated with this degree of detachment, a detachment which it is rare to be able to achieve.

Dr. Kubali suggests that the gradual Europeanisation of Turkish law can be observed as a continuous process from the earlier part of the nineteenth century. He may well be right; but there can be no doubt, as he makes clear, of the extent of the shock to the nation of the reception, more or less wholesale, in 1926 and 1927, after the Ataturk revolution, of European law, based mainly upon the Swiss codes, then reputed the best example of their kind. True, the shock was one of many—the old theocracy was abolished, and a national state, of the lay and republican sort, after the French model, was substituted. This substitution involved the divorce of the Islamic religion from the state with which it had effectively become identified, and indeed its virtual suppression. The wearing of the fez by a layman became a criminal offence for which men were hanged—in Turkey, in which it had been the mark of the true Turk, where, but two years previously, the wearer of a hat was stoned as a foreigner and an infidel Christian. The change of law was part of a very complete transformation, but it was no small part of it and of the resulting shock. It is of the real effect of that shock that Dr. Kubali and his colleagues treat—the actual result of the super-imposition upon long established Turkish national customs and habits of a wholly westernised system of law, with all its express and tacit principles and assumptions.

Treatment of Juvenile Delinquency

The first two articles in the *Annales* are perhaps the most pertinent to our enquiry. The first, in English—the English however leaves something to be desired—is a very interesting report upon the prevention and treatment of juvenile delinquency. Clearly it is in the young criminal that the effect of a serious social upheaval can most easily be observed. The reporters emphasise that the relative importance of the causes of juvenile delinquency differ in Turkey seriously from that to be observed in European countries with a stable society: precisely because 'of the radical change and revolution which has been completed'. The discrepancy is most noticeable, as might be supposed, in the rural areas where the impact of the upheaval would be most profound. The reporters note the very small proportion of juvenile offences against property—in the rural areas such offences constitute only 8.35 per cent. of the total, whereas the manslaughter rate is, by European standards, wholly abnormal. The report states that out of 974 young criminals examined, 522 had been convicted of manslaughter.

It may well happen, so the report says, that 'the child believes that it is his duty to kill to live a decent and honourable life in his village'. Such criminality springs directly from a dislocation between the law and recognised social morality. The dislocation is not least in the field of sexual relations, seeing that the law has sought to impose a system of monogamy upon a people which by habit, by tradition, and

* No. 1. Imprimerie Fakulteler Matbaasi, Galata, Istanbul (400 kurus: 500 French francs)

by religion has long been polygamous. The sexual element was found to be prominent in the killings examined, of which many could be attributed to a sense of 'honour'—to a sense, that is, that the sanction, if any, imposed by law upon the alleged transgressor's act is wholly insufficient or unsatisfactory. And the situation is not a little complicated by the persistence of the blood feud, in spite of drastic laws which provide for wholesale removal of families in a state of feud, particularly as boys or youths are incited to do the feud killings since it is appreciated that the law provides in their case a lighter penalty. The problems set by juvenile delinquency in Turkey are evidently very different from those in England.

The report is supplemented and illuminated by a more general article, written in French and containing a wealth of statistics, on the *Social Factors of Criminality in Turkey*. The author, Dr. Nurullah Kunter, notes, for example, that it is still in some parts regarded as the duty of the husband in the case of adultery to kill both the wife and the adulterer, though the alleged wife herself might by the monogamous law be regarded as merely a concubine. He finds also that an important contributory cause of crime, and particularly of homicide, is the continuance of the custom of marriage by abduction, and even of a spirit of pure braggadocio, the remnant no doubt of the old Palikari tradition. Homicide is certainly in Turkey the most pressing problem of the criminal law; and the mere existence of that problem upon such a scale is evidence of the extent of the as yet unresolved stress between that law and the customs upon which it has been superimposed.

This examination of the first two articles will, I hope, give an impression of the vividness of the portrait of a nation which this publication paints for us. I cannot here treat in the same fashion the other contents. I would, however, like to select one statute and one case out of the statutes and cases annotated in the *Annales*. The statute, that of February 7, 1950, seeks to deal with the problem mainly of illegitimate children. There are in Turkey two special and prominent causes of illegitimacy, both deriving from the popular recognition of the validity of a religious marriage which the law treats as invalid: first, persons capable of civil marriage and solemnly marrying according to Islamic law neglect to go through the ceremony before the local registrar which alone constitutes marriage under the Code; and secondly a man incapable of civil marriage because he is already married takes solemnly for additional wife an unmarried woman in circumstances which his neighbours at any rate treat as constituting marriage. In both cases the community regards the children as the man's lawful issue, but the law does not. The first situation, where the parties are capable of civil marriage, is relatively simple: the marriage can be validated and the

child legitimised by subsequent registration. What, however, is interesting is that the statute casts the duty of procuring the registration of the marriage upon the headman of the village if the parties make default. The second situation, where the parties are incapable of civil marriage, would seem hopeless. But the statute provides that children of such an invalid union can, if born before a date fixed by the statute, be registered as the legitimate children of the parties, even though the union itself, in deference to the principle of monogamy, was and continues to be invalid. This striking and praiseworthy anxiety to make the law fit the facts is a characteristic of the Turkish effort.

I would like also to take one of the cases annotated because it poses a question of a far-reaching sort. It is generally agreed that a contract for the lease of a brothel is void since the object of the contract is immoral or contrary to public policy. But in some countries, of which Turkey is one, a brothel may be licensed by the police authorities and thus become a *maison close tolérée*. What is the effect of such a licence upon a contract for the lease of the brothel? The highest Turkish tribunal, after wavering, attempted in solemn session on January 14, 1948, to settle the law. It decided that the licence must be treated as evidence that the existence of the brothel was considered by the competent public authorities as being in the public interest, that the court was unable to dissent from that view, and that a contract whose object was one so considered to be in the public interest could not by the court be declared as contrary to public policy. The decision may by some be regarded as realistic. The Turkish commentator disapproves of it, and argues that the recognition of what he calls *cette triste industrie* is both subversive of the principles of civil law and contrary to international obligations undertaken by Turkey. What I think of special significance is not so much the commentator's disapproval as the fact that Turkish case law raises in its starkest form a critical question—namely, how far can it be said that those principles are effectively today part of our systems of law which, though tacit or assumed therein, are flagrantly contradicted by our habitual conduct? It may be noted that such principles are often basic principles of Christian morality. What we see when we look in the impartial mirror of comparative law is strange, and revealing, and chastening.

I found the first volume of these *Annales* as interesting and encouraging a publication in the comparative law field as any I have recently read. I value it as an important addition to comparative legal studies, and I greatly congratulate its authors. But it has also, I think, a larger claim. It is a courageous and perspicacious enquiry into a problem which is today crucial, which extends far beyond Turkey, and which deserves the attention of others besides comparative lawyers.—*Third Programme*

We Passed through Nazareth

Well can I remember how we came to Nazareth,
It was on the business of Caesar that we came
And not as pilgrims with a vision burned on our minds
For the world had forgotten that He called men brothers
And His name was an oath on the lips of our flesh.
That day the world shone bright in the darkness of war
And the quiet hills sang peace like a hymn in our hearts
Till we remembered home and love came without thought.
We saw it first cradled like a swaddling child
In the protecting arms of the Madonna hills;
Perhaps we were tired but our voices were hushed
And there was a shame in our eyes that knew no reason
As we stared at the fallen rocks on the hillsides.
Even our lorries exhaled less loudly their breath,
Or so it seemed to us for we listened to silence.
In the city we walked, like children in a dream,
Half expecting to meet Him at some blind corner
Where past and present merge into a vision;
See Him as a child, His crucifixion yet to be,
His side unpierced, His hands and feet unscarred and God,
His Father, no more than mortal fathers to their sons.
We would have found Him if our belief had held,
Would have walked with Him, as men walk with their brothers,
Feeling His cross no more a burden in our hearts,
The rusting nails withdrawn from the flesh of our joy,
And shared with Him the living dream that all men crave;
The dream that is not a dream made of intangibles

Nor an illusion conceived by desire and fear
But an intimacy with truth, a sudden peace
That descends with healing balm to make life whole;
As though the disintegrated jigsaw of this world,
That's thrown with all a riddle's purpose on the earth,
Fell into place before our eyes, and we no more
Were outcasts, seeking a home across the desert wastes
Of our own loneliness and longing that only knows
The ever receding oasis of mirage.
But the meek of whom He said they inherit the earth,
Knowing that what our pain and hate cannot believe
Is truth, and that Heaven is more than just a name
Conjured up by sillies in their towers of fantasy,
Find it is the shape and substance of life's soul.
But when the last drop of our wonder drained away
And our souls renewed their compromise with Time
We knew our failure and hid it deeply in our hearts
For grief, then mocked our pain and His with lusting eyes
Cast at a pretty girl who called us by our name.
So the world we'd always known was back in place,
As though it had never trembled and half withdrawn,
And He was dead again, His cross a stake in time,
And we were Caesar's soldiers journeying by,
Perhaps to die for the sins of the forsaken world.
Yet, still we remember that day in Nazareth,
The quiet hills and the dream we almost dreamed
And, remembering, retreat from our arena of despair.

HARRY C. HAINES

The First Hundred Years of the Royal Academy

I—Painting and Sculpture

By ERIC NEWTON

A STRANGER, unaware of the title of the exhibition that has just opened at Burlington House, would find it bewildering. He would notice, of course, that all the artists represented therein were British: he would also observe that the exhibition covered the last thirty years of the eighteenth century and the first seventy of the nineteenth. But he could hardly know what conclusions he was expected to draw from it or in what frame of mind he ought to approach it. If he were to regard it, quite simply, as a rather large collection of paintings with a few sculptures and miniatures added, hung on the walls of Burlington House merely for the delectation of his eye, he would find plenty in it to admire, but he would at the same time wonder at the inclusion of a great many of the canvases and an even larger proportion of sculptures that seemed to have no justification beyond that of being artistic curiosities.

If he were then told that this was the skimmed cream from the first hundred or so annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy, and that during the first century of its existence the Royal Academy counted among its members almost every artist of merit in the country, his attitude would change. He would cease to see the exhibition as a large collection of excellent paintings with unaccountable lapses into banality: he would begin to regard it as an anthology, with all the virtues and defects that characterise anthologies.

Every anthologist has a problem to solve. Is he to choose the best or the most typical? Is he to fill the walls with what he personally likes or with works of art that most fully represent the taste of the time that produced them? The anthologist ponders the problem and invariably takes refuge in compromise. It would be absurd to limit such a show to works of genius. To do so would give a false impression not only of the general level of British art but also of the particular flavour of the Royal Academy. Every nation, in almost every period, produces works of art that lie in the no-man's-land between good and bad taste. The R.A. has always welcomed such works and has given them a warmer welcome than the present exhibition would suggest. To exclude them now would be to deny the exhibition's title.

Not all the sporting pictures were painted by Stubbs. Ferneley must be given a polite place on the walls on which he was hung a hundred years ago. Not all the landscapes can be Turners and Constables. There are aspects of landscape painting, immensely popular in the early nineteenth century, that Constable and Turner never tackled. No really good English painter of the period ever succeeded in painting the equivalent of a full-scale Rubens, yet Rubens was the inspiration of a hundred earnest mediocrities, and in a representative exhibition mediocrity must be given its rightful place. Not only Etty at his best but Etty at his most grandiose must be shown: and if

Etty's 'Judgment of Paris' (1826) is there, why not also William Edward Frost's 'Diana Surprised by Actaeon' of twenty years later? That carefully arranged congregation of attitudinising nymphs may not be a good example of grand-manner mythology, but nothing could more truly express the sentiment of the age or the nice adjustment between the voluptuous and the irreproachable in which it specialised.

Without such paintings there would be no means of knowing why or against what the pre-Raphaelite revolt of two years later was launched: nor would it be possible to compare the British notion of how art should tackle such themes with that of Ingres or Delacroix, both of whom were fully active at the same moment.



'Diana Surprised by Actaeon', by William Edward Frost, R.A. (1810-1877)

The pre-Raphaelite room makes a sudden break in the solemn sequence, and the rooms that follow it are bewildering. It is as though the pre-Raphaelites had pricked the bubble of Victorianism without leaving anything to take its place. The hundred years covered by this exhibition had begun with such solidity and competence. Reynolds was the leader of an imperturbable army of artists in the 1760s. But who was leader in 1860? And if one could have been found, what direction would he have taken? It was a moment of disintegration, and the Royal Academy, despite its dignity, was becoming rather like a ship without a rudder. Eighteen years hence, when an exhibition showing the second century of its career will become due, the ghost of Sir Joshua will tour the galleries of Burlington House with less complacency than it does today.

Today I doubt if the founder of the R.A. has much cause for discontent with this display of the results of his labours. Doubtless the pre-Raphaelites shock him, and doubtless he attributes to their malign influence the chaos that followed them. Possibly he has, by this time, come round to our opinion of Blake and is rather sorry that he is not better represented. Certainly he must regret the absence of Crome, and I rather think he would like to see, in one of the smaller galleries of the building, a few of the more spontaneous Constables—the Constables that were never intended for the R.A. But Sir Joshua has his compensations. Lawrence must strike him as a worthy successor to himself, worthily represented. And though he would agree with us

that the exhibition contains a number of oddities and trivialities, he would hasten to add that their authors, despite their relative failure, were true children of an admirable tradition to which he himself belonged.

II—Architecture

By MARCUS WHIFFEN

EVEN AT THE ANNUAL summer exhibitions of the Royal Academy, when the paintings and sculptures capable of giving pause to the spectator in his gentle perambulation are few enough, the architectural room, tucked away in its corner far from the solace of the tea room, is apt to get overlooked. How much more likely then that the unmethodical visitor to the present exhibition at Burlington House, in which every work of art that is not a masterpiece is the next best thing, a period piece, will miss it! It will be a pity if he does so, because it contains much to please both eye and mind.

The visitor should enter the architectural room forewarned about two points, however. First, he must not expect to find a microcosm of English architecture, or even of Royal Academy architecture, during the period covered. Professor Richardson, in the introduction to the catalogue, emphasises the difficulties which those responsible for this section of the exhibition met—and they must indeed have been considerable. When all allowances have been made, however, it is still surprising to find nothing by that good Academician and immensely successful exponent of Greek solemnity, Sir Robert Smirke, for instance; and quite astonishing that there should be nothing by Sir John Soane, who after all was Professor of Architecture in the Academy for more than thirty years. The omission of these two eminent figures cannot conceivably be due to lack of space, and if there are lesser omissions which must be put down to that cause it was surely not necessary to show three views of Wyatt's unexecuted (and uninspired) scheme for King's College, Cambridge, and as many as five of Cockerell's Roman restorations.

The second point about which the visitor to the architectural room should be forewarned is that not everything is what the catalogue says it is. The first criterion in the selection of most of the exhibits was that they should originally have appeared at the Academy during its first hundred years. In the case of paintings and works of sculpture, the problem of identification must often have been difficult enough: when it comes to architectural designs, of which several versions may exist, obviously it may prove impossible to identify a particular exhibit. Nevertheless, there is no excuse for showing as an exhibit of a certain date a drawing that belongs to an altogether later stage in the building's design—at least when the history of the design in question is reasonably well documented. Unfortunately this has happened at least three times at Burlington House, three buildings of the first importance being involved. Taking them in catalogue order, the first is Sir Charles Barry's Bridgewater House; contemporary critics described the design for this exhibited in 1841 as having Corinthian half-columns and pilasters, and the design so dated in the present exhibition was not in fact made until 1845. Next comes Harvey Lonsdale Elmes' masterpiece St. George's Hall, Liverpool, represented by a delightful sketch of almost Turner-esque breadth, but assuredly not 'finished' by Academy standards of 1841; the truth is that in 1841 Elmes showed a view of his Ionic design for St. George's Hall together with another

of his Doric Assize Courts for a nearby site, and not this final scheme combining the two kinds of accommodation under a single roof. Thirdly, and this is the most egregious blunder of all, there is a large elevation of the Houses of Parliament which the catalogue gives out to be one of two drawings exhibited by Barry in 1844. Even if there was not abundant internal evidence to show that this drawing could not be as early as that, there is the consideration that both Barry's exhibits that year were catalogued as 'views'. And never, never were elevations described as views.

These necessary grumbles have left me less space than I would have liked for writing about the pleasures which many of the drawings, taken individually, have to offer. The finest of them all, without question, is Charles Robert Cockerell's perspective of his Royal Exchange design; here Cockerell achieves a miraculous synthesis of the practical and the ideal, with a poetic quality which is quite absent from his immensely skilful and convincing restorations. To Cockerell again we owe that splendid aid in the enjoyable pastime of 'motif spotting', 'The



Charles Robert Cockerell's design for the Royal Exchange

Professor's Dream', in which those buildings of the past which were most admired in the nineteenth century are represented conveniently ranged on a terraced slope. Then there is a view by Thomas Malton junior of the exquisite gallery at Heveningham Hall, with a ceiling by Sir William Chambers on the same wall and Benjamin Ferrey, biographer of Pugin and builder of sober Middle Pointed churches, in the unexpected role of town planner—the town is Bournemouth and the date 1837—just above; on the far end wall there are two charming views of one of Decimus Burton's Regent's Park villas, and working round we come to William Wilkins' Haileybury before it received what has been called 'the clumsy and crushing blow' of a dome by Sir Arthur Blomfield, to William Porden's recently discovered Chinese design for Brighton Pavilion, to a jungle-like conservatory interior by that uninhibited Early Victorian designer Henry E. Kendall, and to other good things.

New Editions and Reprints

Arthur Gardner's important handbook on *English Medieval Sculpture*, first published in 1935, has been entirely revised and enlarged, and issued in a new format by the C.U.P. at 55s. The third volume, *The Eighteenth Century*, in G. M. Trevelyan's *Illustrated English Social History* is now available at 21s. from Longmans. *The Journal of Eugène Delacroix*, translated by Lucy Norton, edited with an Introduction by Hubert Wellington and carrying eighty illustrations, has been added, also at 21s., to the Phaidon Pocket Series of the Phaidon Press. In the same series, but for 12s. 6d. and with seventy-two illustrations, C. R. Leslie's *Memoirs of the Life of John Constable* can also be obtained. The second edition of H. N. Brailsford's *Shelley, Godwin and Their Circle* has been issued in the O.U.P.'s Home University Library at 6s., and the third edition of Jawaharlal Nehru's *The Discovery of India*, at 25s., by Meridian Books. Finally, Michael Joseph are producing a new Greenwich Edition of the novels of C. S. Forester at 9s. 6d. each. Five titles are now available.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Spirit Above the Dust

By Ronald Mason. Lehmann. 18s.

THE MARKET in Herman Melville must always be a fairly narrow one, but it is still bullish. The last few years have seen the reappearance in England of such rarities as *The Confidence Man*, 'Billy Budd' and the short stories, and there have been two American biographies and a French one. Now comes Mr. Mason's study, 'cast in the form of a critical estimate of [Melville's] books, and not as biography proper'. It would be churlish to complain that Mr. Mason has not done what he did not set out to do, but on the whole it is a pity that his careful and ample examination of the work was not accompanied by a rather more detailed commentary on the life. Although he begins with the startling statement that the events of Melville's life 'are not of very great interest or importance' he frequently feels compelled to record and speculate upon them, and he gives no reason which would make the reader depart from the normal opinion that the pattern of Melville's life was of quite extraordinary significance and that the more it can be uncovered the more light can be thrown on the work.

Enlightened critics no longer see Melville as the author of some unusual books about the South Seas, or even merely as a genius who wrote a single masterpiece, and Mr. Mason is extremely successful in showing the organic development of Melville's talent from *Typee*, through *Moby Dick* to the astonishing prose fiction which succeeded that epic, and thence via the poems to 'Billy Budd'. Serious consideration is given to all these works, and Mr. Mason is never guilty of undervaluing the more arid and difficult: on the other hand he does not make Melville a private source of value—his assessment of the individual books, as literature, is balanced and sound and likely to stand the test of a good few years. He clarifies, makes usually apt comparisons with Shakespeare and Blake and Kafka, quotes D. H. Lawrence and Mr. Auden: he sketches in Hawthorne and the literary background: and he sees, too, the importance to Melville of the United States' growing national consciousness and the Civil War. But he just lacks that intensity of sociological or psychological conviction necessary to discover the most precise and illuminating relations between Melville's work and what it grew from. He takes the view that in the poetry which Melville wrote after he had abandoned prose fiction he came to terms with the despondency, the 'Timonism', in which that fiction had at last become bogged down; that the famous thirty-five years of misanthropic silence were neither misanthropic nor silent and in fact incubated the serenity of 'Billy Budd', which story demonstrates Melville's reconciliation with life and acceptance of Christianity.

Mr. Mason puts this view subtly and persuasively, but can it be right? To read 'Billy Budd', for example, without a preconceived theory, is to be struck above all by the profoundly detached and ironical manner in which it is written—a manner which perhaps tends to conceal the fact that the plot has been chosen to express (as Mr. Plomer has noted) an equally profound protest at the injustices of human society. As for the psychological tack, the theme of homosexuality runs through 'Billy Budd' almost unhidden. What is Claggart's 'unmotivated' antagonism to Billy but the repressed desire which turns 'I love you' into 'I hate you'? That Melville's only attempt to delineate

serious love between man and woman was in the incest-ridden *Pierre*: that the quest in *Moby Dick* is the quest of a maimed man for what has maimed him: the unhappinesses of Melville's marriage—these and similar features of Melville's life and work (apart from the larger ideological questions of his age) would surely have repaid analysis in rather different terms from those Mr. Mason's conception of art enables him to apply.

The Nun of Lebanon: the love affair of Hester Stanhope and Michael Bruce. From newly discovered letters edited by Ian Bruce. Collins. 21s.

Lady Hester Stanhope's proudest boast was that 'the Arabs regarded her neither as a man nor woman but as an *être* apart', and it was certainly the way in which she regarded herself. Over a century has passed since her death, but legends of the 'English Sitt' are still told on the banks of the Euphrates, and the story of the niece of William Pitt who began life as the mistress of Downing Street and died in self-imposed exile in a ruined convent on Mt. Lebanon, still holds its own as one of the most romantic of nineteenth-century pilgrimages.

Here published for the first time are Lady Hester's love letters written to a young man twelve years her junior, whom she met in Malta in the spring of 1810, after she had cast the dust of England off her feet. Michael Bruce was only twenty-two when he came into the orbit of the thirty-four-year-old Hester Stanhope, and though these letters are edited by his grandson, Brigadier Ian Bruce, it is to the general's credit that he makes no attempt to gloss over the snobbery and ambition which played a considerable part in Michael's love and admiration for a woman 'highly born, splendidly connected and the granddaughter of the great Chatham whose noble qualities she had inherited'.

Far more difficult to understand is the fascination of this conceited young man for someone of Lady Hester's intellect and experience. It was a fascination which must have been purely physical. Strangest of all was the attitude of the father, Patrick Crawford Bruce, torn between his middle-class respectability and the gratification of his vanity that her ladyship should have singled out his brilliant and gifted son. In the end his ambition and vanity triumphed, and when with characteristic frankness Lady Hester informed him of every detail of her relationship with Michael whom 'she not only loved, but worshipped, promising him that when the time came she would resign him with good grace to some thrice happy woman really worthy of him', the father gave his official blessing to their romance. Dazzled and impressed he entrusted his son to the tutelage of the wildest and most extravagant of all the Pitts.

It was an expensive tutelage, for that fantastic pilgrimage, which was to take the lovers to Constantinople and the Holy Land, shipwrecking them off the island of Rhodes and finally bringing them to the Syrian desert, where the prophecy of a mad soothsayer in Bedlam was fulfilled and Chatham's granddaughter was crowned as queen of Palmyra in the ruins of Zenobia's capital—all that was made possible through the generosity of Crawford Bruce. Lady Hester might delude herself that she was preparing Michael for a great political career, but in reality he had little part to play, except in bolstering up her own egotism and self-esteem and supplying the 'baksheesh' and the presents

which contributed to her legendary reputation in the East. If Michael Bruce had been a more sympathetic character, one could have pitied him the nagging and bullying he had to undergo from a woman who was not so much a mistress as a governess, and who, once her physical passion was spent, relegated him to the position of a dragoman. Even on the question of money (and there is no denying that the Bruces were more than generous in honouring Lady Hester's drafts) there was never a word of gratitude. When at the end of three wasted years, Michael Bruce finally left her, Lady Hester's letters are full of recriminations regarding the niggardly six hundred pounds he continued to allow her, instead of the thousand he had promised.

To anyone interested in Hester Stanhope the discovery of these letters makes fascinating reading. Unfortunately a lack of annotation and above all a lack of knowledge of the background makes the *Nun of Lebanon* a book to be enjoyed by those who are already acquainted with the story rather than by the reader who comes fresh to the subject.

English Society in the Early Middle Ages, 1066-1307. By D. M. Stenton.

Pelican Books. 2s. 6d.

This latest volume of the 'Pelican History of England' is an outstanding work. It is as far from the conventional history text book, the memory of which lingers unpleasantly in most of our minds, as can be imagined. The framework of political events is not ignored; for it is lightly sketched in the first chapter—an almost invisible skeleton, essential but not obtrusive. For the most part, however, Lady Stenton is concerned with the story of people. From one point of view, indeed, this is the story of a people in the making. It begins with an England in which provincial differences were still strong and partly racial in character, and in which there was inevitably a great gulf between the native inhabitants and those Norman and Breton and Picard soldiers who had conquered them. It ends with a very different environment, in which the thirteenth-century aristocracy were determined that English heiresses should not be married so that they were disparaged, 'that is, to men not of the nation of the realm of England'.

Above all, however, Lady Stenton has written a history of people. Like Langland on Malvern hills, she seems to see 'a field full of folk'. The field is not always, like his, 'a fair field'. Perhaps no one has brought out so clearly as she has done the discomforts of medieval life, the brutality always near the surface, the continual fear of small men of strife amongst their betters. It was this last fear which made the right to have a graveyard in a village a precious thing; for there men might take refuge with their families and their goods in time of sudden trouble. These were all part of the environment of medieval folk which Lady Stenton describes with wonderful insight—just as much as those religious ideas which she has characterised with all the more validity because she has ignored some of the refinements of the theologians.

The folk themselves, none the less, are the important thing. They are all there: kings and their servants (becoming civil servants before the end of her period); barons and knights; countrymen and townsmen; parish priests, cathedral canons, monks and friars. They are set in the institutions and associations and com-

munities they fashioned for their needs. Their buildings are not forgotten; or their literature; or the two universities which grew powerful enough to provoke frequent difficulties with the townsmen of Oxford and Cambridge. The folk, too, are described as they lived. Kings were not merely rulers; they also had their 'secret places' for quiet and good hunting in those forests they protected with a barbarous and special law. At the other end of the social scale, the peasant poached. This was not an amiable eccentricity or outcome of original sin; poaching was 'of necessity a national occupation' for men who tasted so little meat for so much of the time as the English villager of those days.

Enough has been said, perhaps, to indicate the comprehensiveness of this survey. Some of its distinguishing qualities, however, also deserve mention. It is written with a pervading humanity and an understanding which is the fruit of real scholarship. Lady Stenton has used throughout a wealth of instance drawn from contemporary sources of all sorts, which gives her narrative a concreteness and actuality which not even the most pregnant generalities could convey. Finally, she has written with a directness and simplicity which should convince even the most hidebound that the excessive technicality of much writing about the Middle Ages is merely a form of laziness. Perhaps she has explored some aspects of thirteenth-century history less fully than the history of the preceding period. Nevertheless, as a general review of the times between the Norman Conquest and the death of Edward I, this book is quite the best that is available.

The Artist in Each of Us

By Florence Cane.

Thames and Hudson. 35s.

The aesthetic taste of the twentieth century is singular in that it admits the great virtues of the work of savages and of children. In our eyes finished technique is not essential to a work of art; given sufficient taste and power of design on the artist's part, we can accept or ignore that which previous ages would have considered eccentric and inept. Our new position allows us to look for a common factor of human feeling in the art of primitive and unstructured people and, on the basis of this general quality, to seek a universal aesthetic. For this reason no book dealing with the art of children can fail to arouse interest—an interest which, it must be added, is frequently disappointed.

Miss Florence Cane, who has had a long experience of teaching and has held a position of high responsibility in the New York University School of Education, is certainly in a position to increase our understanding of the problems and possibilities of young children and adolescents. No one, reading her book, can doubt the passionate integrity with which she has set herself to her task, the depth of her sympathies or her unbounded enthusiasm for the arts. Using methods, some of which may be unfamiliar to teachers in this country, and some of which—as for instance the use of chanting and rhythmic exercises—may be treated with some reserve, Miss Cane sets herself to broaden the treatment and to liberate the imagination of her pupils. She is convinced of the therapeutic value of her work—both for children and for adults—and the case histories that she furnishes are certainly impressive.

That Miss Cane releases the libido of her pupils, diminishes their feelings of anxiety and guilt, and provides them with a convenient channel for aggressive and violent emotions, is certain. It may be surmised that her book will be of the highest interest to psychiatrists and to

educationalists. The drawings of her younger pupils, like those of young children in all countries, are delightful. It is in considering the end products of her work that differences of opinion are likely to arise. The authoress herself seems



An artist of six, showing 'deep concentration with relaxation and ease of movement'

From 'The Artist in Each of Us'

to have no qualms concerning the merits of the young painters who leave her school. Having watched and guided their genius from the age of four through the frustrations of childhood and the storms and inhibitions of adolescence, she surveys her finished pupils with a complacency which will not be shared by all her readers.

To some of those who examine the adult work here illustrated it must appear that the 'artist in each of us' is one of the most tiresome of the German Expressionists, extremely clever, embarrassingly rhetorical, and excessively vulgar. It would be very depressing to suppose that this is the creature which bides within us waiting to be called forth by Miss Cane's regime of deep breathing, introspection, and solitary chanting. Fortunately the supposition need not be made. There is a certain affinity between the work of savage and preindustrial peoples and that of children; that sureness of taste and design which marks the work of the four-year-old pupil is retained in the adult work of a Spanish potter or a Chinese village craftsman. The prison-house in which the growing boy finds himself is a social structure and although Miss Cane, with all her devotion and all her good will, cannot prevent her pupils from becoming assimilated to the slick mechanical world in which they live, that world has been changed before and can be changed again.

Queen Victoria. By Roger Fulford.

Collins. (Brief Lives No. 2.) 7s. 6d.

The man who plunges into this short life of Queen Victoria before looking at the advertisement on the back of the jacket, will begin to wonder what has happened to Mr. Fulford. He will be puzzled by what seems a strong flavouring of the style of Mrs. Markham; why nothing has been said of the episode of Lady Flora Hastings; why an explanation, somewhat

lengthy in a 35,000 word book, should be offered of battledore and shuttlecock, and why a whole page should be devoted to the tale of General Haynau and Barclay Perkins' draymen. The jacket will enlighten him. For the 'Brief Lives'

are written to be 'enjoyed by young readers as they doubtless will be by their elders'.

It may be said at once that from this point of view, Mr. Fulford has written with skill and discretion. The greater part is devoted to the personal and family life of the Queen, and though politics are not omitted, Palmerston, Disraeli, and the rest do not, as they often do in biographies intended for the more mature, play the Queen off the stage. The grown-up who knows more of her relations with great ministers of State than he does of the domestic side, will at least find certain novel and engaging aspects of Victoria. Mr. Fulford has carried out what must have been a very difficult task with great ability. He succeeds in juxtaposing her commonplace mind and her sense of the dignity of royalty, in showing what Lord Granville noted, both her childishness and her penetrating statesmanship, as well as her sense of the ridiculous and her prejudices and foibles; and finally in making her the symbol and centre of what Keynes called 'the magnificent episode of the nineteenth century' simply and without pomposity.

The Poetry of Ezra Pound

By Hugh Kenner. Faber. 25s.

Ezra Pound is a poet whose method requires critical elucidation; it has many features which, if not original, are newly imported into the tradition of English poetry, and readers must understand what Mr. Pound is trying to do before they can appreciate the skill and sensibility of his achievement. Mr. Kenner has a perfect understanding of what Mr. Pound has been trying to do, but unfortunately his exposition is spoilt by unreasonable dogmatism and historical inaccuracy. His pages abound in such statements as: 'Pound is a far more important figure than Browning or Landor, Eliot than Tennyson or Shelley'. Or: 'Chaucer . . . is not read as literature, but as philology'. Even if we agree, we are a little surprised to find our opinions presented as facts. Where facts themselves are concerned, it can only be stated somewhat bluntly (in the brief space of a review) that Mr. Kenner has got them wrong, chiefly through relying on Mr. Pound himself, and on that genial but fanciful raconteur, the late Ford Madox Ford.

History, as we know, is rewritten by successful tyrants; literary history, for similar reasons, must be rewritten by literary partisans. A hero has to be created, a myth constructed. Origins must be disguised, debts must be cancelled. Accordingly Ezra Pound, a young man from Idaho, is seen descending on London in the year 1909, eager to convert the heathen to his new poetic vision. He finds a sympathetic mentor in Ford Madox Ford, with whom he can discuss Flaubert and 'the just word', and so imagism was born, Yeats was converted, and Eliot was nurtured into ambiguous 'mastery' (Mr. Kenner's references to Mr. Eliot are a little uneasy: he speaks of the 'nervelessness' of his rhythm and of his appeal to 'temporary psychic dislocations'). The truth is that when Pound arrived in London in 1909, a Browningsque troubador in the fustian tradition, the principles of imagism had already been worked out by T. E. Hulme and his friends. Hulme's first imagist poems were published in 1908, and his *Notes on Language and Style* contain all the ideas on poetry and language which Pound was afterwards to elaborate with aid from Rémy de

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Gourmont and Ernest Fenollosa. Ford no doubt helped to educate Pound, but he was introduced to modern French poetry by F. S. Flint and Richard Aldington, just as he was introduced to the economics of Douglas and Gesell by A. R. Orage. No one will question the prodigious agility with which Pound absorbed all these influences and made of them a coherent compound of his own; but it is merely literary chauvinism to dismiss all this history as 'irrelevant'.

The 340 pages of Mr. Kenner's exegesis contain absurdities, such as suggesting that 'the quantity and degree of feeling and complex truth' in six lines about Beardsley and Burne-Jones 'surpasses (*sic*) that of most novels'. But in general Mr. Kenner is a sensitive and intelligent critic, and his book should open up the exciting terrain of Pound's verse to many readers who have hitherto found it a baffling wilderness. He is particularly good in showing how Pound developed the dynamic or mobile image. The early imagists had been content with a beautifully cadenced but static image. Pound saw that this led to a merely additive conception of poetry: some principle was required that would enable modern poets to write in an epic or narrative style (without the aid of rhetoric, which encourages verbiage). This principle was found in Fenollosa's essay on *The Chinese Written Character*, and Mr. Kenner describes it effectively as 'the process of compelling out of otherwise mute particulars, by their electric juxtaposition, traces, intelligible patterns, of an intense, clear, luminous intellectual world'. He takes from Pound the image of the magnetic field—the dynamic form which is like the rose-pattern driven into dead iron-filings by the magnet, but separate from the magnet.

Mr. Kenner does convincingly demonstrate Pound's considerable success in this technique. But there remains a problem which he does not face. Pound himself has given the key to it in observing that the scaffolding of modern buildings is beautiful *until* its enclosure in the mindless rhetoric of brick. The trouble is that we cannot live in scaffolds. Our poetic sensibility, no less than our bodies, needs shelter, and this is provided by what Hopkins called 'inscape', a mental perspective in which images are not merely juxtaposed, but *composed*. We may grant that the structure of the *Cantos* is not fortuitous. 'Everything is weighted by its context, and everything functions as part of the context of everything else'. In half-a-dozen cantos the effect is magical: 'dark petals of iron'. But of the whole Yeats' judgment is still relevant and will probably be final—'more style than form; at moments more style, more deliberate nobility and the means to convey it than in any contemporary poet known to me, but it is constantly interrupted, broken, twisted into nothing by its direct opposite, nervous obsession, nightmare, stammering confusion . . .'

Russia's Soviet Economy

By H. Schwartz. Cape. 36s.

Any attempt to describe the present structure and operation of the Soviet economy must be in part a work of detection; it is at least fifteen years since the Soviet authorities published comprehensive and straightforward statistics of output, earnings, cost of living, investment, etc. Mr. Schwartz appears to have enjoyed the contest with his refractory material, and has reduced it to coherent and readable order—so successfully, indeed, that the reader will hardly realise the immense labour involved. His method is descriptive rather than analytical, with the main lines of historical development firmly drawn.

The chapter on 'The National Economic Plan' gives as good an account of this subject as any in the English language, and the following

chapter makes some lively comparisons of the managerial function in planned and unplanned economies. The flexibility of a more or less free market economy is not matched in the Soviet Union, but it is interesting to note that the raw edges, as it were, are frequently smoothed out by unofficial and unplanned operations which are wholly illegal but implicitly condoned.

The greater part of the book consists of a detached but not uncritical survey of industry, agriculture, trade (foreign and domestic), finance, labour, and housing. The field covered is perhaps too wide; in particular the first three 'background' chapters, in which Mr. Schwartz contributes no original work, might have been omitted, and some of the new material treated with advantage at greater depth—for example, the method of wage calculation which, to judge by the columns of *Trud*, baffles the Soviet worker no less than the outside observer.

Much of the interest of this book lies in its implications rather than its statements. What contribution does Soviet economic history make to our understanding of the problems confronting China or India? What new aspects of economic theory are revealed by a system in which price changes anticipate rather than reflect maladjustments? What is the cost, in manpower, of the vast planning and checking machinery, and how does it compare with corresponding costs in a free economy? Where prices and profits offer no reliable guide, to what extent can decisions between alternative uses and methods be based on real advantage?

To ask these questions is not to imply that Mr. Schwartz's book fails in its purpose. On the contrary, it is one measure of its value that the reader is stimulated to further inquiry.

History and Human Relations. By Herbert Butterfield. Collins. 10s. 6d.

Professor Herbert Butterfield has a deservedly high reputation for being both profound and prolific. His versatility is remarkable: he can engage with equal facility in a brief study of Napoleon, an abstruse investigation into the policies of Lord North, or a survey of the origins of modern science. In his latest book he indulges in the wide sweep rather than the careful stroke: *History and Human Relations* is a collection of eight longish essays on various aspects of historical study and Christianity, and although there is some overlapping between them—we are reminded several times that King Charles I was not the only guilty party in the English Civil War—on the whole, they are of one piece and give a conspectus of the author's approach to his subject.

Broadly, it may be said that Professor Butterfield is a Christian and an idealist; that his philosophy of history is that there is no philosophy of history; that what we learn from history is that we learn little or nothing from history. The true historian is aware, he says in effect, that in most of the great conflicts among mankind both sides, according to their own lights, were right or at any rate thought that they were right. For the historian, to know all is to forgive all; hence the tragic element in history, the continual battle not between right and wrong, but between two rights. The second point about which Professor Butterfield constantly reminds us is that history is concerned with human beings, not with movements or ideas divorced from them. That is his criticism of Marxist history, which he otherwise respects, giving the Devil his due, as being realist, 'earthy', consistent and rather frightening. Thirdly, Professor Butterfield is above all a devotee of 'scientific' history. Even the best so-called literary historians, he points out, used scientific methods, and writers like Macaulay and Froude carried out a remarkable amount of first-class research, granted the

conditions of their time. The mistake that they made was to deliver moral judgments, Macaulay, for example, by following a Whig interpretation of history, Froude by using a Protestant approach. The technical historian is not called upon to express reproach or praise. Since all men are sinners, condemnation of our fellow sinners must be postponed until the Day of Judgment: for 'the kind of ethical judgments which historians like Lord Acton have been anxious to achieve are possible only to God'.

Thus the technical or scientific historian must confine himself, in Professor Butterfield's view, to weighing every scrap of evidence, to putting himself in the mind of the character he is describing, and to recording impartially the point of view of both sides. Not only do moral judgments lie outside the province of the historian but there are certain questions, such as the divinity of Christ or the rightness of the Reformation, about which he cannot decide, for he has not the evidence. But the evidence must not be concealed; consequently Professor Butterfield, for all his customary Christian charity, is severe on 'official' historians who allow themselves to be seduced by considerations of politics or security from presenting a free and dispassionate case to the public.

Of course the unrepentant non-scientific historian will find an answer to all this. He may point out, for instance, that since historians themselves are human beings, unconsciously they are bound to write from a particular point of view and that the very selection of the evidence which they present in their books is influenced by their own moral judgments. Moreover if history is past politics, as to some extent it must always be, how can one without self-stultification avoid taking sides? To write contemporary history is admittedly tricky—and that no doubt is why 'official historians' walk a tight rope—but surely one should disclose well-established wickednesses or errors? However, Professor Butterfield is always stimulating and were his style a little livelier he would be more so still.

A La Carte. By L. E. Jones.

Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.

Many readers of a certain weekly contemporary turn first to its competition column, for there at least wit and ingenuity are usually to be found. A pillar of that column is one 'L. E. J.', often among the prize money, to whom the most diverse competitive tasks come all alike. 'L. E. J.' is now revealed as the author of the present book (which consists largely of competition entries)—b. 1885, rowing Blue, barrister, banker, playwright. *A La Carte* triumphs over the occasional nature of its inspiration: though some of its items suffer from the restrictive rules under which they were composed, all were very well worth reprinting and one or two must surely find their way into the anthologies. Mr. Jones' love and knowledge of literature is accompanied by a sharply critical sense of the foibles of individual writers. His parodies range from Aubrey to Graham Greene ('The little priest stubbed out his Lucky Strike against the thick sole of his boot', etc.): all transfix their victims, not always vitally but usually funnily. But his humour is never strained and his laughs are excellently timed—as in the brilliant Shavian juvenilia and the beginning of his *Times* obituary of Satan, 'A Fiend writes:'. As well as pastiche, epigrams, clerihews, and limericks, there are sections devoted to translations and 'unspoken' verse. These are skilful, scholarly, rather old fashioned and by revealing further the truly gentlemanlike and liberal nature of the author, provide a very proper background to the more light-hearted pieces. This is a book of a temper and talent rare today and ought to fill an awkward gap on Christmas present lists.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

TELEVISION

Fair Play

TELEVISION IS BEING ACCEPTED into the general consciousness with far too little understanding of the difficulties daily besetting those in charge of its operations: too little money, too little space. There are other complicating factors, such as varying technical shifts with different union rules; too many channels of consultation; possibly, now, too much departmentalisation, with a consequent threat to flexibility in programme planning. Every programme, good or bad, that comes through to us viewers is in that sense a victory. It is fair that viewers generally should know the problems. It is not fair that critics should ignore them or that producers should take cover behind them. This agreed, we may pass to the proposition that, remembering the circumstances, the B.B.C. Television Service deserves the decent acknowledgments of all those viewers engaged in the great seasonable campaign against niggardliness. Now, back to the end product.

With 'Town Forum' as its most notable relief, the fortnight's non-entertainment viewing has been undistinguished and sometimes dull. 'Inventors' Club', that extraordinarily low-blood-pressure affair, lacks almost everything that makes good television except its basic idea. Is there no producer who can haul it out of the doldrums? 'In the News', on its last week's showing, should be put on the spike, the newsroom fate of unwanted stuff. It has now sufficiently made the point that speakers who persist in mere party nagging are as fundamentally unintelligent as the viewers who revel in watching them at it. 'Through Fire and Water', in which we saw a couple of commentators under-

going a sort of trial by ordeal, left us unmoved, the modern mind being conditioned to respect men in danger only at dare-devil heights. Not even putting a blonde in an asbestos suit for salvation by Surrey Fire Brigade would have made this essentially good viewing. Despite the organisation behind the programme, we were left with the private belief that missing it would have meant no serious gap in our knowledge; churlish, but that is how it is.

The rest has been almost entirely sport—

commentator, assisted by members of the Army School of Physical Training. It was continuously interesting and instructive. The match of the following night gave us a sight of some good sound ring-craft, with the added satisfaction of a British victory. A vociferous and fair-minded audience insisted on giving each Swedish contestant a handsome reward of applause for his contribution to the evening, win or lose. Table tennis does not make particularly good television, and the series of games from Eltham

Baths made tedious watching after a very few minutes. Following the flight of the small white ball in artificial light is evidently asking too much of the cameras for the moment. The ice-skating programme from Richmond was altogether delightful viewing. As for the armchair football, it is a pleasant thing to be able to see the crowd and not have to endure its elbows stuck in one's ribs. Here the cameras often do some of their best work at the close of the games by letting us watch the patrons depart with no accompanying voices, just the pictures. Perhaps the television cameras should be encouraged more often to seek out their own unrehearsed and unproduced material. A camera and a microphone on a platform where a school train is arriving,

or in the toy department of a big store: the possibilities might be quite fascinating.

Five years ago, perhaps less, the 'Town Forum' programme which came to us under the title of 'Visitors from Western Germany' would have been politically impracticable. Hence for most of us there was the exhilaration of novelty in watching these German representatives facing a Birmingham audience whose questions, if rarely very searching, were often to the point, though none asked: Would there have

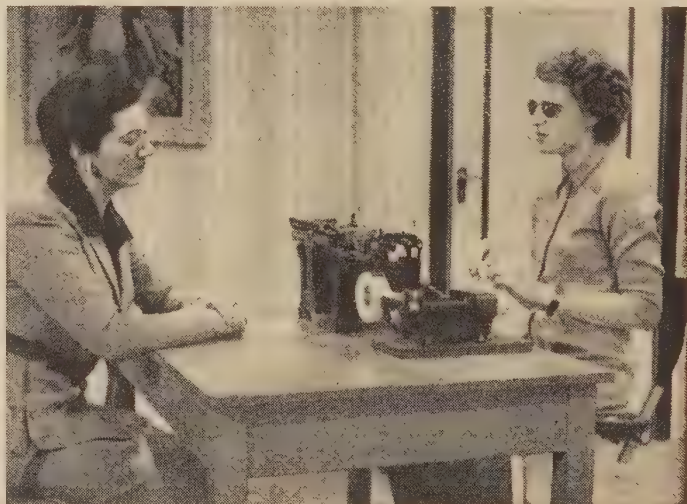


'Town Forum' on December 13, which presented four visitors from western Germany. Left to right: W. E. Sueskind (author and journalist); Dr. Hans Lilje (Bishop of Hanover); Denis Morris (chairman); Dr. Heinrich Renkl (industrialist); Dr. Johannes Zahn (financier and lawyer)

boxing at Aldershot, good; Oxford and Cambridge football at Tottenham, good; British Olympic skating trials at Richmond Ice Rink, excellent; ice hockey at Nottingham Ice Stadium, good; international Women's Table Tennis at Eltham Baths, not very good; amateur football at Richmond Road, fairly good. The Aldershot boxing between the Army and a Swedish team was preceded the night before by what in effect was a demonstration-lecture on the rule of the ring by Max Robertson, a very able and likeable



'Inventors' Club': Geoffrey Bumphrey, the club's technical adviser, with N. F. Sambrook of North Wales, and his mechanical talking doll



Jeanne Heal interviewing Pauline Rattray, a pupil of the School for Blind Shorthand Typists and Telephonists, in 'Louis Braille', on December 11

been a 'Town Forum' if you had won? The emphasis was no doubt deliberately social and religious, and it was the spokesman in the latter interest, the Protestant Bishop of Hanover, who received most applause from his visible hearers. The programme was full of implications for the future, not least among them that common historical ideas are inseparable from the peace of the world. Here we had radio-plus-television making a contribution to an educated public opinion. 'Town Forum' supplied us with one of the best television programmes of the year.

We saw other western Germany representatives in the United Nations edition of 'Television Newsreel'. When they were called to the rostrum their leader smoothed his hair with his hand, perhaps a nervous tic. Immediately the rest of the delegation did the same.

Picture quality is still often disappointing in television. When it happens to be good one wants to make exclamatory noises. There were some first-rate pictures in the 'World Survey' film of Durham mining. There were some even better ones in the shots of the new Dutch waterway to the Rhine in 'Television Newsreel'.

REGINALD POUND

BROADCAST DRAMA

Rosemary and Laurel

LET US REMEMBER HELENA, Empress and Saint, one of the 'great and beneficent ladies of myth and memory' (as Evelyn Waugh calls her), the mother of Constantine, and presumed to be the finder of the True Cross. For me she will speak in future with the voice of Flora Robson, warm and determined, or—as in the Bethlehem passage, 'Like me, you were late in coming'—subdued to a touching tenderness. This was in the version of the last half of 'Helena' which its author and Christopher Sykes made for the Third Programme. I cannot readily remember a more faithful treatment of any book. Beginning in Rome, after a brief prologue at Trèves, the play covers the last 140 pages of the novel, reproducing the dialogue with adroit cuts, turning other passages to direct speech, and offering a full narration, sustained by James McKechnie. He had a trying task, subtly performed, especially at such a moment as the vision of a despoiled Rome to which Beauty would come in her own time, 'capricious, adorable wanderer'.

This is not primarily a play of incident; it is, and triumphantly, a play of character. We have the single-mindedness of Helena herself; the petulance and pomp of Constantine, a megalomaniac endowed with the throbbing tones of John Gielgud; the drawling Fausta ('I am all for holiness, of course'), a vile body if ever there was one, this Empress whose 'pouting, goldfish mouth', thanks to Isabel Jeans, we could almost see; and, at length, the spring-heeled enthusiasm of Ted Ray as the Wandering Jew: 'I'm in incense. There's no finer connection'. It was charming to meet Mr. Ray. Constantine brought the Palladium itself from Rome to his new city and 'embedded it in the foundations of his monument'. Now Messrs. Sykes and Waugh have brought the other Palladium to 'Helena'. I noticed a small variation at the close when, instead of speaking 'the single, enigmatic word "stabularia"', Helena mused: 'In my young days in Britain they used to say I was too horsey. It's in the blood'. I wish we could have heard of the youth of the pagan Princess, King Coel's daughter, and known something, too, of her early married life.

To those who reached the play without foreknowledge of the book, its beauties and its flippancies, the laughter that seems to drift to us from a great distance, I can believe that the pace might have appeared slow, the early relationships complex. I do not think that the calypso, un-

expected in third-century Rome, came off. But the piece as a whole, produced by Christopher Sykes, was an exciting evocation of novel and legend, radio without tricks, and—in Flora Robson's Helena—with a portrait of saintliness that we shall prize. The occasion deserved both rosemary and laurel.

Rosemary also for Mollie Greenhalgh's competent version of 'Edwin Drood' (Home). She supplies an ending for Dickensians to argue. Datchery is Bazzard; Drood returns; Jasper plunges from the cathedral tower. This was an evening of theatrical atmospherics: Michael Hordern was rightly Jasperish, and Denise Bryer a good, persuasive boy. Elsewhere, we had other meetings with Flora Robson and Ted Ray. Miss Robson, recreating her stage performance of Mary Tudor in Wilfrid Grantham's production of his own play (Home), reconciled us to a Queen fantastically unlike, say, the Tennysonian idea of Mary ('All your voices are waves on flint; the heretic must burn'). A grave, dignified piece was spoken in the vein. I got more from Ted Ray as the Wandering Jew than from his fooling in 'Ray's a Laugh' (Home), though his buoyancy can keep any programme afloat.

Only a slip of rosemary, then, for that occasion, but laurels for 'Mrs. Warren's Profession', and, of course, a whole wreath for 'The Face of Violence' (both Third). With this driving, urgent piece Douglas Cleverdon, Dr. Bronowski (author), and their cast shared the Italia Prize. Britain vigorously 'told the world'—a phrase (if we can believe Mr. Waugh) that was used by the Empress Helena.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Two Journeys

EWAN BUTLER IN LAST WEEK'S *Radio Times* described how he set about collecting the material for 'The French Speak Their Mind'. He went to France, he told us, 'alone, with no equipment save a tongue, a pair of ears, and a notebook,' and wandered north, south, east, and west for a month. He modestly omitted to mention another essential piece of equipment which he evidently took with him, namely, a close familiarity with the language. That he also omitted to declare a recording outfit I take to have been not modesty nor an evasion of duty but an indication that he wisely left the thing at home. There were a few noises, it is true, in the course of the programme, but they were reduced to a minimum—a church bell, for instance, and a village band, noises essential to the evocation of a passing scene, and these were doubtless supplied from B.B.C. stock. The purpose of the programme was not to amuse us but to give us 'some slight idea of what France is today'. He not only talked to all sorts and conditions of French people, he also 'listened in' to their talk among themselves in cafés, trains, and wherever opportunity occurred, and, I suppose, carefully boswellised his experiences in the notebook, as far as possible word for word. At the end of his wanderings his notebook bulged with about 150 of such conversations and out of these bits and pieces he built his programme. He and Marjorie Banks between them made a remarkably full, comprehensive, and vivid job of it.

The broadcast was in English, and so the French characters were forced to present themselves in the dress of their English equivalents, in which they appeared somewhat ill at ease, we English being so incurably English, the French so inveterately French. But those of us English who know something of France soon adjusted ourselves to this inescapable device, while those who don't were doubtless unaware of the dislocation. The old French and new American civilisations were delightfully contrasted in a

dialogue between an American official and the French owner of a sewing machine factory attached to his house and garden. The American, by way of helping French trade, offers to take four times the factory's present production and the dialogue proceeds something like this. 'But I would have to build on to my factory'. 'Why not? It would be well worth your while'. 'No, no! It would spoil my view of the garden'. The programme lasted a full hour and demanded and deserved some perseverance in the listener, but perseverance was rewarded by an impression that was no superficial pencil sketch but a skilfully wrought three-dimensional picture.

It would be unjust to compare John Snagge's 'Return Ticket to Vancouver' with this richly detailed presentation, since his half-hour programme was intended to be no more than a series of lightning impressions of people and places met and seen while he was covering the recent Royal Tour in Canada. If, then, I found the programme disappointing it was not because he gave me sketches in place of oil paintings but because, instead of compelling me to visualise the scenes he visited, he gave me scraps of information about them. I received, in fact, almost no appeals to my mind's eye. To give sharp impressions in words is, admittedly, one of the writer's or speaker's most difficult tasks, but in recent broadcasts we have heard it done with extraordinary success. However, Mr. Snagge gave us some good anecdotes, serious and comic, about people and events, and one or two highly interesting recordings, notably that of the auctioneer at the Calgary cattle-sale. Others were less helpful: for example, the noise of Niagara, as it reached me, evoked nothing more impressive than the too familiar radio-railway-train, and the contribution of the shy little girl who had given a bouquet to Princess Elizabeth roused me only to painful anxiety on her behalf.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Ditters and Mozart

DITTERS VON DITTERSDORF is a name that is known, because once heard it is unlikely to be forgotten. There is something ludicrous about it, something suggestive of jitter and dither, and when we read the entry in *Grove*—'Dittersdorf, Karl Ditters von (original name Ditters)'—ridicule is reinforced. But we rarely hear his music, and we must be duly grateful to Karl Haas for introducing us to a couple of his *Divertimenti* last Friday—though wasn't it a trifle pedantic to preserve the title 'Partia' for one of them? This is surely a misprint or a foreigner's misspelling; at least, I can find no Italian authority for the word.

The programme in which these works occurred was quite the most agreeable I have heard for a long time. Besides showing us that Dittersdorf was a gay and vivacious composer with a spontaneous gift of melody and a genuine sense of instrumental colour, as Pohl says, Mr. Haas introduced us to some works of Mozart which were as beautiful as they were unfamiliar. It would be unfair to say that beside the *Notturni* for two sopranos, baritone, clarinets and basses-horns, Dittersdorf's music seemed small beer. The Viennese composer had sufficient individuality to make music that was something more than a bundle of eighteenth-century commonplaces. It was rarely 'like Mozart', but in the one conspicuous instance where Dittersdorf did hit upon a Mozartian phrase (for the horn in the second Minuet of the *Partita* in D) one could see at once the difference between chalk and cheese. Where Dittersdorf's phrase peters out into nothing in particular, Mozart's very similar one (also in a Minuet in one of the many *Divertimenti* in D) blossoms like the rose.



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The vocal Nocturnes were beautifully sung by Arda Mandikian, Monica Sinclair, and Geraint Evans. These pieces are pure music without the least suggestion of dramatic or literary meaning. The words are the mere basis for their euphonious structure. If one must choose the best, where all are delightful, my vote would go to 'Due pupille amabili' for the delicious gurglings of the basset-horns. No less beautiful and quite astonishing in the effect produced by limited resources were four of the Duos for horns in K.487. These were played with miraculous perfection, and, though a momentary interruption deprived me of the

names of the players, I will wager my money that brains went to the making of this marvellous performance.

It was a good week for Mozartians, beginning with a well-balanced and admirably phrased performance of the 'Jupiter' Symphony conducted by Ian Whyte, who had come south to take a tour of duty with the B.B.C. Orchestra, and to be present at the production of his lively Scottish ballad at Covent Garden. Then one could hear the C minor Concerto played under Josef Krips' direction by Clifford Curzon with his sensitive musicianship, followed by the Requiem Mass.

For opera we had Vaughan Williams' 'Riders to the Sea', whose grave beauty was better realised than on a former occasion, though English singers cannot convincingly put across Synge's Arran dialect; and the repeat of 'Billy Budd'. Perspicacious readers of my previous article on Britten's opera will have perceived that a prudent restraint of enthusiasm did not account for my hesitancy to pronounce a definite opinion. A second hearing at home served to confirm doubts which, in the face of the obvious labour and love that had gone to its composition and performance, I was reluctant to express.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Songs of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries

By J. A. WESTRUP

Troubadour songs will be included in a programme to be broadcast at 7.40 p.m. on Saturday, December 29 (Third)

THE older historians of music, obsessed with the idea of progress, were inclined to regard the Middle Ages as a period when polyphony, from crude beginnings, grew steadily into a complex and artistic medium. They forgot that the history of music is the history of song. Song is the most direct and immediate form of expression in sound, and it lies at the heart of every genuine musical experience. It is our misfortune that a lack of written records makes it impossible to write the history of song in the early centuries of the Christian era. Melodies for Latin songs, both serious and frivolous, survive from the tenth century, but they cannot be deciphered with any certainty. Fortunately expert copyists of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries have preserved the music of hundreds of troubadour and trouvère songs of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; and these manuscripts, sometimes intended merely for use but often things of beauty in themselves, are a record of one of the most valuable legacies of medieval music.

The origins of troubadour song are not known. It is difficult, however, to believe that so finished a union of poetry and melody could have arisen without any predecessors. It has often been suggested that there was a strong Arab influence; on the other hand, the structure of the poems has many points of comparison with that of Latin poetry. So far as one can tell, there are no traces of Oriental influence in the music, which in fact constantly recalls the idioms of Gregorian chant, as well as the simple spontaneity of popular song. It would be agreeable to believe that the poets—who were frequently of noble birth—always wrote their own melodies; but this suggestion is negated by the fact that the same poem sometimes occurs with entirely different melodies. It is known that the songs were regularly performed by *jongleurs*, and it is quite possible that some of these were also composers. The activities of the *jongleurs* were also responsible for the dissemination of some of the best-known pieces and may well have contributed to the imitation of the Provençal lyric by the *trouvères* of northern France. Sometimes we find that a melody was so well known that it was adapted to other texts. This was the case with Bernard de Ventadour's song of the lark, the tune of which is found with other poems—Latin as well as vernacular.

There is no doubt that instruments were used for the performance of the songs, but there is no record of this in the manuscripts. We must assume either that the instrumentalist doubled the voice-part, or that he improvised a simple accompaniment designed to emphasise the cadences. Any modern reconstruction of such

an accompaniment is entirely conjectural. Perhaps a more serious difficulty is that in the majority of our sources the notation gives no clue to the rhythm of the music. It is obvious that the melody must fit the rhythm of the words, but even today there is still no absolute agreement as to how this is to be done. A simple, and generally an effective, solution, is to adopt a more or less consistent trochaic, iambic or dactylic rhythm, according to the natural accentuation of the words. But this system, if rigidly applied, may lead to absurdities, particularly when a group of notes is assigned to what is in theory a short syllable. The cure for such absurdities is to recognise, as scholars have not always done, that it is natural for a solo singer to perform with a certain amount of freedom. Many folksongs, as transcribed by modern collectors, include irregular bar-lengths in places where it is obvious that tradition has established a *rubato* treatment of a fundamentally regular rhythm. The singers of troubadour songs were not tied to a rigid beat because there was no necessity for them to sing in time with anyone else. This explains why the notation generally leaves the question of rhythm open. In polyphonic music a precise indication of rhythm was desirable so that the performers could keep together; in solo song it was not needed.

Although a substantial number of troubadour and trouvère songs are in the church modes, there are a great many in the modern major scale. The use of this scale suggests the influence of popular song, and in fact many troubadour melodies have an innocent simplicity which indicates either a deliberate imitation of folksong or an unconscious affinity with it. This is particularly true of the extended *lais*, which are often made up of simple melodic formulas which have their analogy in nursery rhymes. But side by side with this simplicity there are also many examples constructed with the utmost subtlety and worthy to take their place among the outstanding achievements in the literature of song. We have here the music of a refined, aristocratic society, keenly alive to beauty and willing to welcome its expression within the limits of prescribed conventions. Whatever obscurity there may be in the texts of troubadour songs, however involved the imagery may be, there is certainly no obscurity in the music.

A particularly delightful type of trouvère song is the *rondeau*, which seems to have had little vogue in the south. Here the artifice of repetition in the words is matched by a similar artifice in the music. It is a song with a refrain, and the refrain supplies the music for the entire stanza. Since the music of a refrain was so short, it could easily be incorporated in a poly-

phonic motet. A number of *rondeaux* which lack music in the manuscripts have been fitted with their proper tunes by modern editors who have discovered the refrains embedded in polyphonic compositions. It is relatively uncommon to find a complete song melody subjected to polyphonic treatment. Such treatment would have been unsuitable, since the complexity of the motet could not easily be assimilated to the regular periods of solo song. But the influence of trouvère song on the melodic style of the thirteenth-century motet can hardly be doubted. The individual parts constantly recall the melodic contours of solo song. The study of thirteenth-century polyphony has too often been directed to analysis of the counterpoint, when it would have been more profitable to consider the grace and flexibility of the individual melodic lines.

The *trouvères* seem to have had virtually no imitators in England, no doubt because French was the literary language there under the early Angevins. But in the German-speaking countries they had a considerable influence. The songs of the Minnesinger are not exact parallels to trouvère song because the nature of the language affected the melodic style. But the relationship is very close, all the more since some of the earlier texts were actually modelled on Provençal or French originals. Here too, as in troubadour song, the influence of Gregorian chant is unmistakable. We find also popular melodies of a simple, four-square character, but with a noticeably Teutonic flavour. Music and verse are evolved against the same background of medieval chivalry. There is much here that is sophisticated, and sometimes no little obscurity in the texts. But there is also much of the same spring-like freshness to be found in the work of the troubadours and *trouvères*. There are many blots on medieval civilisation, and much that seems by modern standards crude and brutal. The romantic conception of the Middle Ages was palpably false. But a realism that goes to the other extreme is equally misleading. The manuscripts in which the medieval songs are preserved are evidence that artistry was prized as well as valour. The people of the Middle Ages often seem impossibly remote. The immediate appeal of their melodies reminds us of the kinship that can still exist between us and them.

We have received the first number of a new illustrated magazine called *Music* (price 2s.). It is edited by Miles Henslow and includes articles on 'The Choirs of England', 'Wozzeck' and 'The B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra'. An attractive little volume entitled *A Book of Carols* has recently been published by Chatto and Windus (price 2s. 6d.). It is one of the Zodiac books and the carols it contains—both words and music—are mainly traditional, from England and the Continent.

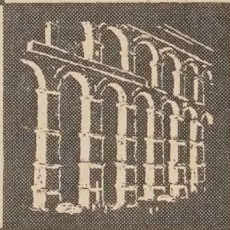
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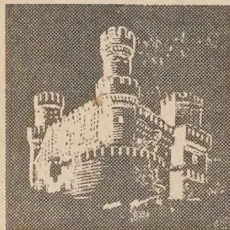
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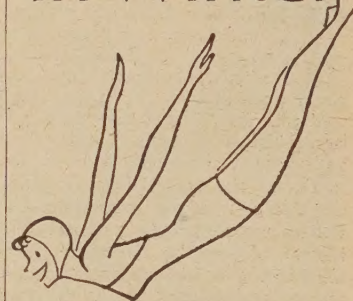
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For the Housewife

Let the Family Cook the Christmas Dinner

By PHILIP HARBEN

I SEE NO REASON WHY the wives and mothers of this country, the ones who usually do the cooking for the family day in and day out, should not have the day off this Christmas Day—yes, I mean on Christmas Day itself.

Have the day off; make someone else cook the dinner while you put your feet up. It can be done—by means of a little firm organising. The thing to do is to work out a master-plan and a timetable and then detail the various jobs to different members of the family. You may have to do some occasional supervising, but you should be able to spend most of the day curled up with a good book—and eating, of course.

The centre piece of this dinner is bound to be a roast—let us hope it is turkey. But it may be chicken or pork. Bread sauce is the standard accompaniment to turkey, and giblet gravy, both of which can be made in advance the previous day, if you like, and re-heated. As for vegetables, the usual thing is roast potatoes and a green vegetable. Roast potatoes will fit in with our plan, they are easy enough. But green vegetables simply must be freshly and carefully cooked.

The Christmas pudding is the easiest part of all. I assume that you have made it already, or will have made it; so all it needs is re-cooking for an hour or two: just a little attention to see that the pan doesn't boil dry and the pudding will look after itself. As for the sauce, you can make that yourself the day before, and it can be warmed up at the last moment.

The whole secret of drawing up a working plan for a fairly complex meal like this is to work out how long each thing should take, allowing generous time for preparation, if any, and decide at what time each cooking process should start so that all the things will be ready together.

Since the roast is going to be the king-pin of this meal, let me tell you about a special way of doing it which is particularly suitable for our plan for several reasons; first, because it tastes extra good, and, second, because the human element is reduced, the danger of spoiling the thing by overcooking or undercooking is almost eliminated. There is a third point about it, too—it makes food much more tender, and that is an important thing these days, especially with a goose, which is apt to be very tough. The method is called slow cooking. There are two ways of doing it: one is to use a very low oven, say 250° F. on an electric oven, or if you have a gas oven the dial turned right down to '½' or letter 'A'. If you have a solid fuel cooker with a simmering oven, as it is called, use that. The other way is to cook the bird first of all in water—yes, literally totally immersed in water—but keep the water below boiling point: scalding hot but not a sign of a boiling bubble. Then, to give the bird the right final appearance it is put into a hot oven for the last 20 minutes, just to crisp the skin.

Both these methods take the same time, and that time is of course very much longer than by ordinary fast cooking. I expect you normally allow 20 minutes to the pound in the usual way; for this slow method continue to allow 20 minutes to the pound but add 2 hours to the whole cooking time for a big bird of, say, 10 to 12 lb. or more, and 1 hour for a small bird of 4 or 5 lb.

You may ask, what about the basting? Basting is unnecessary. It is also unnecessary and in fact harmful in fast roasting; the idea that you have to do it is a common fallacy. It is often thought that unless you baste a bird or joint it will eat dry. It will be dry only if you overcook it.

One alternative to fresh green vegetables is to have baked red cabbage—shredded and done in the oven in a covered casserole with no water but just a little fat or bacon trimmings. It takes an hour. You can hardly overcook it, and it goes extraordinarily well with roast bird. Otherwise I would suggest frozen vegetables—which only need a moment or two's cooking at the very last moment.

A last word: tell your cooks that they must clear up as they work—that is the professional rule; and make absolutely sure that you do not get landed with the washing up.

—Light Programme

Some of Our Contributors

REV. LEONARD HODGSON, D.D. (page 1047): Regius Professor of Divinity, Oxford University, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford; author of *The Doctrine of the Atonement*, *Christian Faith and Practice*, *The Doctrine of the Trinity*, etc.

HENRI APPIA (page 1049): Professor of English Literature, Ecole Normale Supérieure, Paris

DR. GEORGE KATKOV (page 1059): author of a number of books published in Prague, including *The Theory of Value in Theodicy* (in German), and contributor to *The Slavonic and East European Review*

C. J. HAMSON (page 1069): Reader in Comparative Law, Cambridge University

J. A. WESTRUP (1081): musicologist, critic, composer, and conductor; Heather Professor of Music, Oxford University; editor of the *Monthly Musical Record*, 1933-45; author of *Purcell*, *Sharps and Flats*, *British Music*, etc.

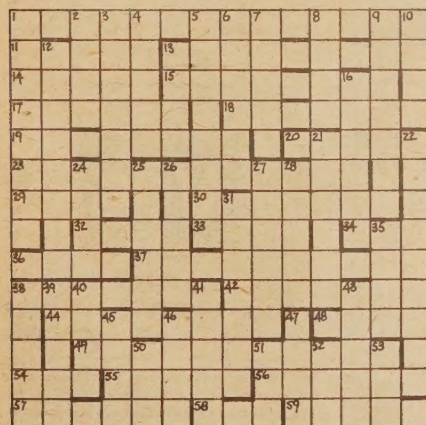
Crossword No. 1,129.

KN = Pepper

By Twost

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The answer to each of the sixteen unclued lights is connected, and is usually synonymous, with a word which has the same sound as either one letter of the alphabet or more than one letter in conjunction. Thus Q = queue might give TAIL as the light, similarly KN = cayenne could give PEPPER. Of the answers so derived, eight are from one letter, six from two letters and two from three letters.

Solvers who wish to put a check on their solutions may be interested to know that the unchecked letters can be arranged as the letters of the following: TWOST RAN OVER A PALLID BUT DRAB CIRCUS NUDE.

CLUES—ACROSS

14. Nearly all strokes change in Aberdeen (5). 15. Pungency (8). 17. Dido mourn'd in silence when she found he would not come (6). 19. Feature of Goliath and Agrippa who lived close by (8). 20. Town of Gaul, now worthy in Provence (5). 23. I with the Mark of the Beast measure and issue Scotch gin cocktail and get a decoration (12). 29. Funeral ceremonies finish apocryphal story (4). 30. Animal love to play the rest is to deceive (7). 32. Sprays are the beginning of branches (4). 33. Goldsmith is the head (4). 34. Sis has left vomiting but Uncle is still here (3). 36. A motto is logic without art (4). 37. Expectation or gold seeker (10). 42. Tracer and Twost with their noses to the ground (7). 44. Unpossessive me and my gal reformed and repentant (8). 48. What 'ave you got 'ere? — vascular tunic (4). 54. Marshal Bevan and upset him (3). 55. Stays and remains fresh (5). 58. Limp plant (3). 59. A short section of the administration is proficient (5).

DOWN

2. 'Just — boys grown heavy' (4). 3. Fish give power to a teacake (7). 5. Judgment (8). 6. Departure, headless return (6). 7. Restrains the heart (5). 8. Nothing about a catch (4). 9. Any delightful place will do for Emily and us (7). 10. Separate withered claw (4). 12. The wife

of Bath's tale had a long one (8). 13. Except broken vessel (4). 16. Utter to give it (6). 25. Beat a thief with a candlestick (6). 26. Retreats (5). 27. A compound of phenol came to the rescue in the old days (6). 35. 'and — and —' (4). 38. Unrestrained liberty be hanged (5). 39. The brown earth of Northumberland (5). 40. Pungent (4). 43. Call out (5). 45. Yellow standard we have given up, or it may be called when blazing (4). 46. Where the praetor's chair stood in the Roman basilica (4). 47. A portico is the wrong place for drying malt (4). 50. Steal a halfpenny (3). 51. You will probably still find this after 52 if you run over your change (3). 52. See 51. 53. Knot which becomes foolish when it is around (8).

Solution of No. 1,127

D	E	S	S	E	R	T	C	O	G	E	N	T
I	S	E	R	V	E	H	U	M	P	E	D	E
C	H	A	R	I	N	A	N	E	F	R	E	T
T	A	T	E	L	E	M	E	N	T	Y	N	H
A	D	A	M	S	W	E	A	T	E	A	S	E
T	E	N	E	T	S	S	L	I	M	N	E	R
E	S	C	R	O	W	D	E	A	P	A	R	T
T	A	R	G	U	M	A	F	R	E	N	C	H
O	G	E	E	T	O	L	L	S	A	L	E	
P	E	E	S	A	R	M	E	N	T	E	R	
N	L	Y	T	R	O	N	E	H	A	R	M	
C	E	S	S	O	I	N	S	T	O	R	K	A
S	T	E	A	M	S	D	E	S	P	O	I	L

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2nd prize: F. J.

Berry (Sevenoaks);

3rd prize: C. A.

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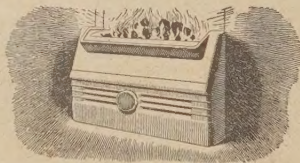
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